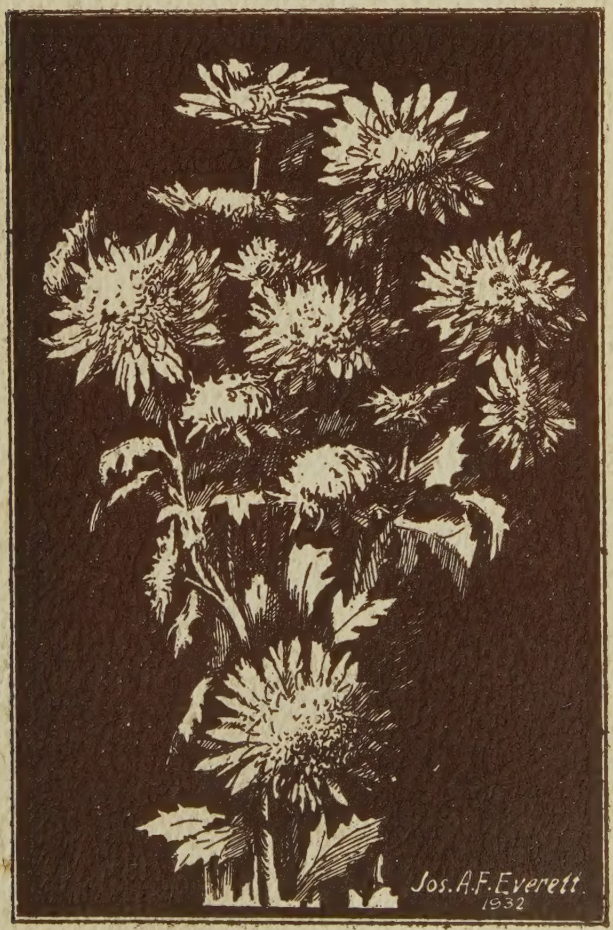
The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XIX OCTOBER, 1932 No. 10



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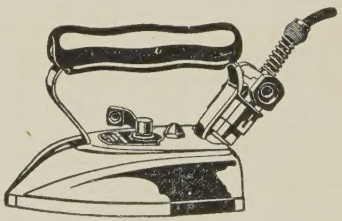

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 19 OCTOBER, 1932 No. 1

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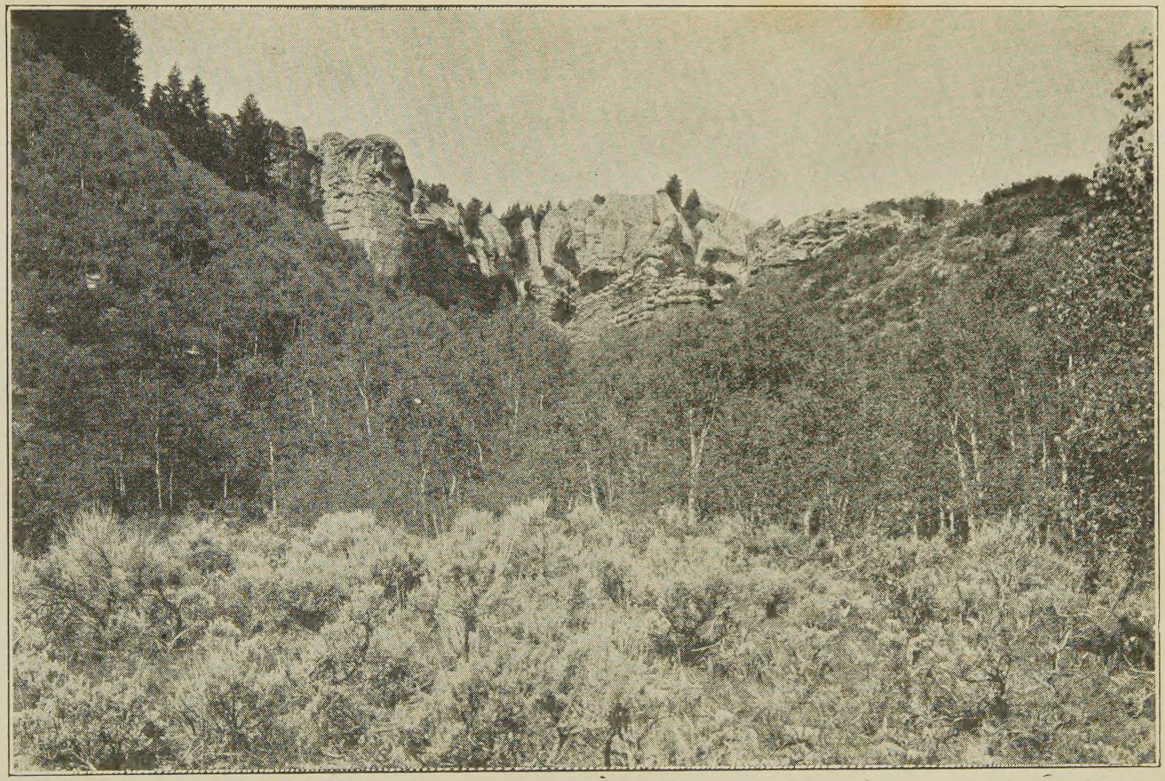
Fields of wheat and garden blooms.
Mother Earth has reached perfection!
Left her treasures in your care,
Knowing well your joy in Harvest
Which your Sister month will share.
Though your brightness soon must wither
You foretell with pulsing breath
As your Beauties all in passing
Voice the cry "There is no death."

Elsie E. Barrett.



FRANCIS CANYON *Glen E. Perrins.*

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XIX OCTOBER, 1932 No. 10

The Soul's Mainspring

By Judge Nephi Jensen

A RELIGIOUS teacher appeared before his class one morning, holding a watch in his hand. He commenced his lesson discussion by saying:

"I have here a little machine. It is round in shape and a little flat. It is called a watch. Something within it ticks constantly at definitely measured intervals. This ticking sound indicates that the machine is in operation. Something makes the watch go, as we say. What is it? It is not the case, nor the wheels, nor the dial, nor the hands on the dial."

"It is energy," interrupted a student.

"Exactly," assented the teacher. "Nothing moves without energy or power, but what furnishes the energy?"

"The main spring," responded a number of students in concert.

The main spring makes the watch go because there is energy or power in this fine coil of highly tempered steel.

There is something in the human soul comparable to this bundle of sensitive steel in the watch. It is the thing that motivates all our higher actions. What is it?

If you were to ask the man on the street what it is that moves him to action, he would be apt to tell you it is desire. And if you were disinclined to accept his conclusion, he would very likely quote for you the familiar aphorism, "Desire is the main spring of action." This terse conclusion passes current as unassailable truth. But is the epigram true? Let us see. You desire Knowledge, because you are convinced that it will aid you in living a larger life. You desire skill because you are persuaded that it will equip you to do life's higher tasks. You desire wisdom because you believe it will enable you to live beautifully and nobly. In a word, you desire the things you believe are desirable.

Dr. Walter Goodnow Everett calls the "desires" that "push us onward," "will attitudes." He is not alone in thinking that the will is the soul's dominant impelling power. Philosophers, poets, and sages of every land and clime have held the same high conception of the will. Possibly no one has spoken more impressively of it than Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great;

All things give way before it soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

"Each well born soul must win what it deserves
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim: Why, even death stands still
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will."

These are fine, strong words. They fairly throb with energy and power. But faith is the strength of the strongest of these strong words. The "firm resolve" is made "firm" by the belief that what is "resolved" can be accomplished. The driving power of the "determined soul" is the heart-stirring conviction that what has been "determined" must and ought to be done.

Froud, the eminent psychologist, gives the name "wish" to the basic impelling urge within us. He insists that we are driven in quest of things by an inner instinctive urge, or yearning akin to a wish. In part this conclusion is true of children, but as we merge into adulthood, there is blended with this "inner urge" an element of reason. The intelligent adult is not motivated entirely by instinct, but he is impelled by something akin to instinct. The dominant urge of the rational adult is faith.

What instinct is to the child, faith is to the adult. Charles Darwin recognized this close relationship between instinctive action and faith-inspired action. In his "Descent of Man," he says, "A belief constantly inculcated during the early years of infancy, whilst the brain is impressionable appears to acquire almost the nature of an instinct; and the very essence of instinct is that it is followed independently of reason."

Faith is rationalized impulse. It is the unified self, thinking, feeling and willing in one concurrent sovereign act of the soul. When the reason weighs the evidence and becomes fully persuaded; and the feelings are aroused by the deep conclusions of the mind; and the will is impelled by these conclusions and the driving power of these intensified feelings to determine that the thing shall be done—we have the real act of faith. This act is the completest act of the completest self. Aye, it is the supreme act of the supreme soul.

A profound thinker said, "We cannot think of force apart from will." No phenomena can be fully explained without tracing all its causal connections back to an intelligent will. A rock falls from its place on the mountain. You explain it by saying, "It lost its equilibrium." The explanation is correct. But is it adequate? What caused it to lose its equilibrium? You say, "Disintegrating rock under it gave away." Again the answer is correct. But what caused the rock to disintegrate? You answer "The forces of nature." But what is back of the forces of nature? Was there once a time when just inert matter and space existed and matter just commenced to move? Is it not a better explanation to say there has always been matter, energy and an intelligent will, motivated by an all-impelling faith?

Back of everything that moves there is force; and back of force there is will; and back of will there is faith; and back of faith there is God.

"Faith is the moving cause of all action in all intelligent beings." Believing is the very breathing of the soul. Faith is the very life-spring of all personal energy. It is the very pulsating life of our imperishable spirits.

It is faith that distinguishes the man of robust energy from the passive person. Men of inaction are always men of shallow convictions; and men of action are always men of strong convictions.

All the strong words we use to describe a strong heart get their strength from the faith-idea in them. When we speak of someone having fortitude, we ascribe to him the firmness that comes from deep settled convictions. When we say someone is resolute, we mean that he is strongly persuaded of the worthiness of his intentions. When we say that someone is courageous, we mean that he has the fearlessness of undaunted assurance that he can conquer his foes. And when we ascribe to anyone heroism, the highest quality of moral excellence, we attribute to him faith's deathless integrity to truth and right.

All the men who have nobly aspired, resolutely struggled, and splendidly achieved, have been men of fate-defying faith. In industry the Rockefellers, the Carnegies, the Schwabs and the Fords have been impelled in their gigantic enterprises by hearts made strong by the strength of faith in great industrial possibilities. On the field of battle the Alexanders, the Napoleons, the Washingtons, the Grants and the Foches have been sent against the foe by a valor made bold by a death-defying faith that gives ribs of steel to the heart. In Parliaments and Senate Chambers the statesmen who have fought persistently and heroically for the rights of man, have been fired with a heroic zeal, kindled by a living faith in the eternal righteousness of their cause. All the deeds that live in history, live because of the super-faith of the strong souls that wrought them.

But it is in the realm of moral and spiritual advancement that the motivating force of faith is raised to its highest power and excellence. The worthfulness of the attainment of moral and spiritual standards cannot be seen by ordinary men and women. The glitter and glamor of material things blind their eyes. The dalliance of the social swirl diverts their aspirations from the things that endure. The alluring call of sensual pleasure deadens the spirit to the deep enduring glories of the soul. Moreover, the moral leader must face the sneer of the cynic, the jeer of the ribald, the frown of the proud, the slander of the wicked, and the sword of the persecutor. No timid heart is equal to this eternal battle between truth and error. Only the heart that beats with the strength of a divine faith dare enter this deathless conflict.

The consecrated missionaries who have crossed land and sea to enlighten and uplift mankind have been moved by faith's fiery zeal. Sustained by this ever-burning flame, they have starved, suffered exposure, endured persecution and humiliation in their zealous struggle to raise mankind to a higher and nobler plane of living. Faith in God has been the very heart of the heroism of these self-sacrificing evangels of light and truth.

The sturdy moral crusaders who have gone through flood and fire for their cherished ideals, have been sustained by faith's courage, that defies all opposition. They have been impelled to make their fearless onslaughts upon the forces of evil,

by the unshaken assurance that the God of eternal right was on their side. This all-mastering conviction, that nothing really matters but God's truth, is the very soul of the heroism, which has nerved martyrs to go untremblingly to the stake for their deathless ideals.

Fighting for righteousness always means foregoing the present pleasures and comforts, for the far off enduring glory. Only those who have the eyes of faith to see the distant goal of moral grandeur, have the heart to stand up for God and truth, in a vain and shallow world. It takes the valor of the faith of a Paul, of a Peter, of a Savanrolo, of a Joseph Smith, to make bold onslaughts upon venerated traditions, fashionable error, and hallowed hypocrisy.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." This conclusion of the apostle, is not a mere bit of dogma. It is the affirmation of a great fundamental truth. Without faith it is impossible to do anything of vital importance. The idea that faith is the basic urge to activity is especially true in our conduct towards God. The Creator is invisible. We cannot see Him with our natural eyes. All our thoughts and acts in relation to Him are inspired by faith's keen sense of His existence. We are drawn towards Him by the eternal pull of faith. Like magnetism that unerringly draws the needle towards the Northern star, so faith draws the soul towards God and truth. And by this inner dominant urge we are moved to conform our thoughts, aspirations and acts to the will of the Most High.

One of the finest examples of strong-hearted action, in a situation calling for super-moral courage, is found in the account of Joseph Smith's incarceration in Liberty Jail. While held in this most unjust confinement within prison walls, he was surrounded one night, by a dissolute, drunken and depraved guard. These coarse, characterless men became half intoxicated, and a spirit of obscenity and profanity took possession of them. In their wicked gleefulness, their unholy lips poured out a continual stream of lewdness, boasts of corruption, mingled with brazen God-defying profanity. The prophet listened uncomplainingly for a while. Finally his sense of decency was completely outraged; and in chains he arose to the majesty of his super-human boldness, and in a voice of thunder shouted,

"Silence, ye fiends of the infernal pit!"

The drunken guards fairly quaked as they shivered before the towering majesty of the prophet; and cowering before him, they begged his pardon and slunk away.

In that ringing command there vibrates a soul-energy which has seldom been witnessed on this globe. There was the strength, power and majesty of God in that rebuke, for the heroic soul who uttered it was impelled by a certainty of his innate power and rectitude that makes all things give way before its all-commanding power.

The whole story of the rise and progress of Mormonism is one long narrative of sublime faith's struggle against insurmountable odds. The early votaries of this modern religious movement were compelled to face the most stubborn opposition and the fiercest persecution. Three times within a decade they were driven in a body from their homes and dispossessed of their property.

at the point of mobocratic bayonets. But after each inhuman expatriation they arose in the marvelous strength of undaunted faith, and quietly commenced to lay the foundation of new homes, new institutions of learning, and new chapels and temples.

When they were expelled, some twenty thousand souls in a body, from Nauvoo, they were compelled to cross the dreary, forbidding American plains, to find refuge in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. Their westward exodus is the most marvelous undertaking of its kind in the annals of the race. It entailed privation, hardship, suffering and danger. Food was scarce; many were poorly clad; their equipment was defective; and savages lurked in ambush along the way to threaten their peace and safety. But in spite of hunger, privation and discomfort, distress and danger, they had the stout-hearted faith to sing as they slowly trudged on their way:

"And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day! all is well!
We then are free from toil and sorrow too;
With the just we shall dwell.
But if our lives are spared again
To see the Saints their rest obtain,
O how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well! All is well!"

These are faith-fretted lines of transcendent beauty and power. Every word throbs with absolute assurance of the life that has no end. Every syllable pulsates with an unconquerable hope of the deathless life beyond the grave.

This stirring song of faith, hope and courage has reverberated down through the years and made thoustands of hearts beat stronger than human hearts have ever beaten since the Master of faith spoke at Lazarus' tomb and conquered death.

These modern pilgrims were the legatees of the faith of him who possessed an all-commanding power. The return of this robust faith marked the beginning of a new era of transcendent spiritual glory. The power of this new-old faith furnishes convincing confirmation of the divine promise that the gospel restoration should cause "faith" to "increase in the world." This solemn decree of the Most High has been verified. Faith has "increased in the world."

The coming of the Book of Mormon, and other modern revelations has given to mankind new and convincing evidences of the divinity of Jesus Christ, the efficacy of his sacrificial death, and the reality of his triumph over the grave. These doubt-dispelling witnesses for God and immortality have quickened the heart beats of hundreds of thousands of devout men and women, and given them the certain assurance of immortality and eternal life to face grim death with a serene smile upon their lips, and the lark-song of hope in their souls.

Ideas

By Harrison R. Merrill

BEFORE I proceed far upon this theme I must explain just what an idea—to me—really is, and that is a difficult feat. Because, that, in itself, is an idea.

An idea is a fertilized germ-cell of the spirit. This cell, floating into the mind upon the wings of the senses, or upon that invisible spirit of the air which is beyond the senses, grows, hatches, and finally feathers out—the feathers being words—and takes wing through speech, through the written word, or through the actions of the one in whose brain the cell lodged.

We "take" ideas very much as we take measels or mumps. We stroll into the presence of a new experience, or even into the presence of an old experience which, by some twist of circumstances, attains to new significance. This new experience or this old experience with a new significance is radio-active. It, or they, sends out energy or "germs" if we are to hold to our figure. These germs may not be noticed at first. They may be of the sort which incubate and reach full strength in five minutes or five years.

Some people, for various reasons, are immune to ideas. The disease will not "take" in their case. They go calmly about their business never suspecting that a million spiritual germs of ideas have been lodged in their brains. I am not saying that such people are not happy. They may be the happiest kind, but they never start revolutions or assassinate the President or invest a new incandescent light or any of the other thousand and one things that people down with a bad case of "ideas" are likely to do.

Some people are not immune. They come down easily and quickly. They, however, are not among the happiest people, as I see it. They take so many ideas into the system that they skip from one to another without making any of them bear fruit. Or if a screw gets loose somewhere they are likely to get distorted ideas which will tear them—mentally—apart.

And then there are people who are carriers. They take the disease, perhaps, get over it and go on about their business, but with the old idea still in their minds. They cease to follow it, but they drop hints along the way; they sow seeds which take root in other people's minds. They become accessories before the fact, as it were.

There are some strong, virile, steady people who resist ideas, but who, when they once come down, are violently attacked. These people become single-minded—single-eyed. They are the Lincoln's who will hang on for years; the Grant's who will "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" the Darwin's who will sail strange seas, climb impregnable mountains to prove their idea; the Paul's who will hang on even though the headman's axe does its work.

Fortunately, ideas may be of many kinds. A chap may get an idea which will work out into a beautiful poem, or into a ridiculous article like this, or into "non-skid" soap, or a new type of silk cloth. Or, on the other hand, he may get one that will

wreck a building, blow up a ship, erect a sky-scraper, build a bridge across the Hudson River, or bore a tunnel under it.

When we speak loosely we exclaim over some trivial thing, "I have an idea!" Of course, when we talk like that, we are usually mistaken. We mean that we have suddenly revamped or grabbed out of the trash pile in our memory an old idea, perhaps somebody else's idea that has been slumbering there for months or years. Ideas are such uncommon things that men and women —millions of them, yes, billions of them—live and die without ever having had one that they could justly call their own. The world is so full of old ideas now that when somebody actually gets a new one, we call him a genius or an inventor or a saint or something. We honor men with ideas.

Emerson—or was it Emerson—was trying to say something about ideas when he made that now very worn statement about the chap who could build a new mouse trap. No better proof of the truth of his statement can be found than in the fact that in my short lifetime I have heard Emerson's statement—provided it was Emerson's—quoted a million times, more or less—I suspect less, for a million is a great many times.

The person who gets a new idea—one of his own—or even makes a new one up out of a lot of others—is a creator.

Ideas are sometimes very distressing. They sometimes take people through flood and fire, as witness Noah and Joan of Arc. For that reason, some people make it a practice to avoid places where ideas are prevalent. They would rather sit at home and knit or stand on the corner of the street and smoke. By the way, I'm always surprised when a man who smokes really captures an idea, for smoking is designed especially as an anti-toxin for ideas. A mind floating around on the seductive wings of nicotine has a film around it which prevents any but sharp-pointed ideas from finding lodgement, I fancy.

Fortunately, ideas are like the electrical waves which are saddled by means of the radio and made to carry the human voice. They are intangible to glass or steel or stone walls. A person sitting at home admiring a sunset through a glass window may "take down" with something virulent as witness Bourdillion and his "Night has a Thousand Eyes." He got an idea which is likely to make him live in our hearts forever.

People who like ideas are always seeking that country where they are prevalent, and that country is not often the same for any two people. One finds them thick along the sea shore—John Masefield, for instance; others in the orchard among the trees and grass—as did Edna St. Vincent Millay. Emerson picked them from bushes and breezes; Holmes from tea cups; Whitman from people. Edison, Steinmetz, Einstein gathered them in arm loads from the laboratory; Abraham, Galileo, and Jeans, from the stars.

Since ideas must eventually become tangible through words, I am expecting English speaking people to get more than any other people and to do more with them. The English language is the broadest, the most complete, possessed of words with the most delicate meanings of any of the languages. In fact, it is a language made from many others; therefore, the man who thinks in English can think more accurately,

can clothe his ideas—or should I say feather his ideas—more handsomely than any other. This is an aside. (That is the best reason I can think of why English should become the universal language. We are bound to have one now with our radios and talkies, and so why not select that language which has developed farthest. He who talks about Esperanto, or any other manufactured language has a bad, indeed, an impossible idea.)

In conclusion, then: Ideas are impacts from the original sources of things—from the spiritual world I'd say— which lodge in human minds, incubate, hatch, and feather out into soaring birds ranging from a four-lined stanza to an invention which has the world in its grasp like radio. Ideas are precious things; they should be sought after and fostered when found, and then nursed into full growth.

Now that's my idea. What is yours?

The Sun Dance

By Jane Bradford Terry

On the Indian reservation
Where the land is clad in sagebrush,
When the sun shone warm in summer,
Redmen built a large enclosure
Made of boughs and poles and willows.
In the center of the circle
Stood a pole securely planted,
On the pole a head of bison
To remind the dusky Redmen
How their fathers lived and hunted.

All around inside the circle
Dressed in gaily-colored blankets—
Bare their arms and feet and bosoms,
Symbols painted on their bodies—
Stood the Redmen watching closely
For the signal of the Sun Dance.

Forward, backward, danced the Redmen,
Waving fans of eagle feathers,
Blowing whistles, shrill and bird-like,
Whistles made from bones of eagles.
Forward, backward, danced the Redmen,
To the beating of the tom-tom,
To the sound of women singing.

Danced until they fell exhausted,
Rested till renewed and strengthened.
Heard the speeches of their leaders,
Speeches filled with hope and courage,
Words of honor, love and kindness.
Heard the prayers for their recov'ry
That the mis'ry, pain and sickness
From their bodies might be driven.

Dancing, praying, resting, fasting,
Through the warmth and heat of daytime
Through the darkness of the night-time
Till three days had dawned and faded.

When again the sun had risen.
And the darkness had departed,
Faint and weak—yet ever hopeful,
Facing eastward, toward the sunrise
Firm they stood, the sun saluting,
Claiming blessings for their people
Ere they took their journey homeward.

(The significance of this dance was explained by Thomas Bosgrove, an Indian who read this poem with the comment, "You understand the heart of the Indian.")

A Mother's Best Friend is Her Daughter

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

YOU know, girls, I'm really a lot older than Mother." The magazine I had been trying to read dropped into my lap and I gave my full attention to the conversation on the other side of the hedge that had for some time been competing with my magazine.

"Well, you needn't laugh," the voice of eighteen-year-old Louise Dunford continued. "I honestly am. Mother's a dear, as you all know, but she's totally ignorant about ever so many things she ought to know about, and I just have to watch her all the time about a lot of things. For instance the way she dresses."

"Well, what do you know about that?" piped up a voice I recognized as Madge Newman's. "I have the very same trouble with my mother. Do you know she was all ready to go to that swell, formal reception Mrs. Blank gave last week for the senator's wife, without a sign of a hat or a glove. Because it was warm, she thought she would just take a parasol and run over—about like she'd run into your mother's kitchen some morning, Doris."

"Well, did she *have* a hat and gloves to wear?" asked Betty Morley. "If she were like Mom, and if you were as thoughtless and selfish as I usually am, she'd have to borrow a hat and gloves from you. Every once in a while I come to, and see myself and Mom as others must see us, and I blush all over. Why, she's always wanting me to have pretty new things, and she's willing to go without year in and year out just so I can look nice. Really it's a serious fault she has."

"I guess they are all alike," put in Cally Daynes. "My mother never buys a new rag for herself until Blanche and I insist upon it. She doesn't seem to have any idea at all of what it means to Dad and us children to have her look fresh and pretty. Really, I feel just as Louise does," Cally continued with a sigh. "We are a lot older than our mothers, and it's an awful responsibility."

I smiled a bit wryly from behind the screen of hedge that hid me. I knew that there is more truth than we middle aged mothers would like to admit in the statements I had just heard.

Our young daughters *are* a lot older than we are in many modern experiences, and they *do* have a weight of responsibility in trying to keep us up-to-date.

But isn't it wonderful that they want to keep us up-to-date? Shouldn't we appreciate it that they want to draw us into their world, that they want us to look "fresh and pretty," and to be their pals! And I thought to myself that it is too bad that we often make it so hard for them.

The phrase, "A girl's best friend is her mother," will of course, remain true as long as there are mothers and daughters. But might we not with equal truth shift the meaning and say, "A mother's best friend is her daughter?"

Most assuredly if we mothers of today wish to keep in the march of modern times, if we wish to keep our minds and hearts and eyes open to the changes that are sweeping upon us with bewildering rapidity,

if we wish to prevent being set upon the shelf as "has beens" by the present aggressive and progressive generation, we can do no better than to cultivate the companionship of our daughters.

I remember how shocked an elderly lady was recently to hear a young relative call her mother by her given name!

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she scolded, "speaking to your mother like that!" And turning to the mother she asked, "Do you allow her to speak to you in that disrespectful way?" Before the mother could answer the daughter took up the challenge. "It's not disrespectful, Aunty. It's—it's—" and what she added was one of the sweetest tributes I have ever heard given to a mother. "Why, I call her Molly because she's more than just my mother, she's—my chum!"

Of course "Aunty" was not convinced, and argued that the mother should insist upon proper respect and that she didn't know what the world was coming to.

But it is the real attitude between parents and children that matters; not a set of artificial formulas.

As was suggested in the beginning of this article, one contribution daughters can make to their mothers, if the mothers will permit it, is helping the mothers to dress attractively. In every normal family, the father and children are proud and happy when the mother looks well dressed and well-groomed. The daughters have the freshness and beauty of youth. They do not need beautiful clothes to make them attractive. It is the mother's wardrobe that needs the larger share of the clothing allowance in the family budget. The daughter can also be a real friend in the matter of the personal appearance of the mother, by giving encouragement and advice regarding the most becoming way to fix the hair and helping her to feel that it is not a waste of time or money to give some care to her skin.

Another friendly service many daughters are giving to their mothers is helping them to keep in touch with modern trends in music, art and literature.

One mother told me that she had always loved classical music, and that when jazz first became prevalent, she felt that she could not endure it to have such music played and sung in her home. She would not permit the purchase of jazz records for the phonograph; she would not allow her children to play jazz on the piano; for a long time she would not have a radio because she knew it would bring jazz into the home.

Finally, she awoke to the realization that her daughters were spending their evenings at the homes of their friends; that they were not bringing their companions with them as they used to do. Her daughter convinced her that if she was going to keep the intimate relations with her children that she wanted above anything else in the world to keep, that she could not shut the things of modern life away from her. She confesses now that while she still loves classical music as much as ever, that there are certain times when she enjoys a good piece of jazz as much as her children do.

Another woman said to me one day, "You know, I never used to read funny papers. I thought it beneath my dignity to waste my time with such nonsense. Finally, I noticed that the children were constantly alluding to things with which I was not familiar. I would expose my ignorance, and would be informed that the things they were

talking about had been in the funny papers. One day my little girl said, "Mama, I wish you would read the funnies. I don't like you to be so far behind the rest of us." I acquired the habit in order that I might be conversant with my own children, and it has helped me to cultivate a neglected sense of humor which is very necessary in life.

Perhaps one of the greatest helps we can receive from our daughters, is a new attitude toward the matter of sex. The old idea that every reference to sex should be tabooed is hard to overcome. It is difficult for the older generation to become accustomed to the freedom and frankness of the present day. Probably there is too much freedom and frankness. I am not saying that there isn't. The pendulum usually swings from one extreme to the other. But I doubt if the present generation is less morally sound than previous generations, even though the life of today is much more complex than life has ever been before. Modern standards are not necessarily lower than old standards; they are different, that is all, and it is always difficult for one generation to adjust to the succeeding generation.

A modern essay humorously plays upon the difference between the old and the new attitudes toward sex. The title is "What Children Should Teach Their Parents About Sex," and it at least suggests that there is a new attitude toward this subject that fathers and mothers should try to understand, before they condemn.

Why should we be shocked at the frankness of our children about this most fundamental and important aspect of life? Isn't their free, frank way of looking at it and discussing it more healthful than the hushed, secretive, shame-faced manner with which the subject used to be treated? Huxley once said, in deploring the fact that information concerning the creative function of the human body was always kept beneath a shroud of mystery, "If the people of another planet should judge this race by our physiology texts, they would think we are sexless creatures."

Twenty-five years ago prospective motherhood was regarded as something to be hidden, to be talked about only in whispers and with blushing faces. Because a woman was soon to be crowned with God's greatest gift, she must keep herself in seclusion as much as possible. Whenever she did go about upon the streets or in public places, she realized that she was the object of curious glances and perhaps coarse jests. No matter how her own soul exulted over the knowledge that a little heart was beating beneath her own, she must keep all preparations for the glorious event of birth in surreptitious secretiveness. If anyone surprised her at the happy task of making dainty little garments, the work must be guiltily hidden away as if some shame were attached to it

How differently these daughters for whom we made ready in that manner, prepare for the coming of their babies! The great event is heralded with pride. All the members of the family share the happy expectation, and enjoy the preparations.

Not long ago I was visiting a friend when her young married daughter rushed in upon us. Her arms were full of parcels and her cheeks were pink—with health and happiness, not with shame.

"Oh, I just can't wait to show you all the darling things I got," she cried as she began to undo parcels. "I'm so thrilled I can't wait to get started at sewing. Isn't

this blanket cunning? Jimmy helped me pick it out, and this sweater too. He has good taste in everything."

Her mother looked at me and smiled. Both our cheeks were slightly burning. It is as hard to change habitual attitudes as habitual actions.

"Can you imagine," my friend said to me, "one of your former admirers helping pick out the layette for your first baby?"

"Why, what's wrong with that?" the daughter asked in surprise. "Jimmy is just like a brother to Ned and me both. What's wrong about his being interested in our baby?"

And try as I would, I couldn't say that anything was wrong, even though I knew I was shocked at the idea.

I was in another home not long ago where the stork was expected any hour. A group of friends of the soon-to-be father and mother came to see how they were feeling. Some of the group were married, others were not, but they spent the evening chatting about the coming event with as little embarrassment as if they had been talking about the weather. There was, however, something beautiful and dignified in the enthusiasm and candor with which they discussed the subject, though there was no trace of shame.

And so our daughters can teach us to put aside our prudishness and false modesty, and look at the facts of life squarely and with proper respect for their significance.

Indeed, there are many things a mother may learn from her daughter; many ways in which she may be benefited by her friendship. Perhaps one of the most valuable things she can learn, is to give this daughter-friend the same respect and consideration she has for her other friends. It will help her to realize that her daughter is an individual quite distinct from herself and that she has her own life to live, and that she has a right to live it in her own way. By cultivating her daughter's friendship, and gaining an insight into modern life through her daughter's view-point, the mother will realize that it would be unnatural and unjust to expect her daughter to live by the same codes and standards that guided her own life, for life is constantly changing. What it demands today, is different from what it demanded yesterday.

No, we cannot live our daughters' lives for them, but we can at least refrain from meddling, and allow them to live their own lives in the best way possible.

I do not want to be misunderstood. I do not under-estimate the value of a mother's advice and guidance to her daughter. As I said in the beginning, as long as there are mothers and daughters the daughter's best friend will be her mother, but the benefit is not all on one side. It is equally true that the mother can be helped also. Her whole life can be enriched and made more happy and satisfying to herself and others through the cultivation of the friendship of her daughter.

Irrefutable Evidence

By Orville S. Johnson

BESSIE GILMORE, seated upon the grassy bank of Willow Creek, looked up expectantly at the sound of approaching footsteps. The expression in her great dark eyes was eager, but mixed with trouble. She was far from certain just how Jerry Cammeron was going to react to what she had to say to him.

Jerry rounded the abrupt bend in the trail along the bank and came suddenly into view at the opposite edge of the tiny glade. At sight of Bessie he lengthened his stride.

"Beat me, didn't you?" he called out joyously. "Had no idea you thought so much of me."

She blushed, enhancing her rich coloring. "You more than likely will still have no idea of how much I think of you when we have finished our talk," she said solemnly. "I'm afraid you're going to be terribly shocked."

"Reckon I can stand it," was his ready retort. "I've been shocking corn all morning." He dropped upon the grass beside her.

She smiled and then immediately sobered. "You remember those two 'Mormon' boys who stopped for a few days at our place last spring?"

His face clouded heavily. His lips snapped into a thin, straight line. "You bet I do," he glowered. "If they'd stayed much longer, that infamous sect would have been minus two full sized members."

"What makes you feel that way, Jerry?" she said quietly.

"Heard pretty much all about them while I was at law school. They're no good. If your daddy wasn't such a fanatic over religion he could have seen it."

"Why wouldn't I see it, Jerry?"

Too kind hearted. You'd be good to anybody. Even me."

"Not even you, Jerry, especially you. It's because I feel the way I do about you that I have to talk about this thing. Don't be cross, Jerry. It'll be over in a moment. All over. Did you ever talk to a—a Mormon?" There was a pleading sweetness about her that was soothing.

"No," he said shortly. "When I have time to talk I prefer you or somebody like Judge Harston."

"Judge Harston," she replied smiling. "He is interesting. He remembers Paul Revere, and Washington." She sobered again.

"I just received a letter, Jerry, from one of those Mormon boys who stayed with us. Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were recently killed by a mob while being held in jail at Carthage." She stopped, puzzled by the peculiar expression of satisfaction that had crossed his face.

"That ends that episode," he said. "Some of the professors said it wouldn't last long, but most of them figured it would develop into something really dangerous. A man with several thousand followers believing he has seen an angel can have a great effect on the weaker minded people of a nation. I'm glad it's over with. Was that what you wanted to tell me?" He was plainly relieved.

"Partly," she said. "The rest is harder. What makes you think the Mormon question is solved, Jerry?"

He was astonished at her blind-

ness. "Isn't their leader dead?" he demanded. "Who is there left to bamboozle them about God and angels bringing gold plates? They'll soon come to their senses, now."

"You think Joseph Smith was the only one who saw those things?" she queried.

"Oh, he hired witnesses, but they won't stand up long now that their paymaster is gone. Let's talk about something else besides fools and their follies. About court tomorrow, for instance. I've some interesting cases coming up for trial. Bring your father and enjoy yourselves. There's going to be some good comedy."

She drew in a deep breath. The light of determination in her eyes carried her over her river of fear. "Jerry," she said evenly, "what would you do if you learned I was a Mormon?"

He stared in open astonishment for a moment and then laughed softly. "Killed you, a week ago," he murmured, "but I'll let you outlive it, now. Let's go, little Mormon. I've work to do."

At the gate of her home she faced him once more. "Dad and I are both Mormons at heart, Jerry," she said softly. "We always will be. You'd better begin to adjust yourself to forgetting me."

He only laughed tenderly and kissed her. "Good night, sweetheart," he whispered tenderly.

An hour later he was back aglow with excitement. He came into the parlor where Bessie and her father were reading a chapter from the Book of Mormon before retiring. Bessie had laid the book down when she went to answer his knock. He saw it there upon the table and picked it up.

"I'm going to have use for this tomorrow," he said. "May I borrow it?"

"I want you both there. This question of Mormonism is going to be exploded and the particles scattered so far apart that no two will ever meet again. I've just learned something that's going to make tomorrow one of the biggest days in my life. You'll come, won't you?"

They assured him they would.

When they arrived in front of the courthouse the next morning, it wasn't yet time for the session to begin. An unusually large crowd was gathered under the trees, talking and laughing. Jerry stepped out of the larger group and beckoned Bessie and her father.

"This'll be the place where the fun begins," he said, and a wag added, "and ends, too. He'll never have the grit to go inside after you get through with him here."

"Here he comes," someone said with hushed glee, and Bessie turned to see an extremely tall, well proportioned man coming up the walk. As he came nearer, she became conscious of a certain dignity and confidence about him that were admirable. He was a handsome man with greying temples that made him seem distinguished. His brows were not shaggy, but heavy, and from under them a pair of kindly, penetrating eyes looked forth questioningly as Jerry stepped forth to meet him.

"Mr. Cowdery?" Jerry questioned.

The stranger nodded. "Yes." His voice was pleasingly deep.

The two immediately became the center of a crowding group, struggling to miss nothing of the coming spectacle. Jerry held up the copy of The Book of Mormon he had borrowed from Bessie and her father the night before.

"Do you recognize this book, Mr.

Cowdery?" Jerry asked in an exaggerated officious tone.

Cowdery seemed to recognize that he had run into a trap of some sort, but showed neither worry nor fear. "I do," he said shortly.

"I see your name attached to it," Jerry continued. "I take it from that that you know something about it. If you believe this book to be true, why are you away up here in Michigan?"

Oliver Cowdery straightened and gave Jerry the benefit of a steely glare. "I'm here in the interests of one of my clients."

"And do you actually believe this book?" Jerry demanded.

A great light burst full into Bessie's mind. Jerry was doing this for her. He was going to prove to her that with the prophet dead, there was nothing left to Mormonism. He had recognized what had seemed a heaven sent opportunity, and had seized it avidly. It hadn't struck him as unfair to Oliver Cowdery, or to her. Oliver Cowdery was an apostate with a grudge. He was a man with every reason to hit back at the church if he got a good chance. Jerry hadn't thought of all this. He had thought only of proving the emptiness of Mormon doctrine.

It was tragic for Cowdery. He was faced with loss from every direction. If he ignored the question he would be hooted and jeered and maybe mobbed. If he answered it in the affirmative his case would be hopeless. He aligned himself with a hated sect. If he denied it, he would be shown up for a man whose word was worthless, and as such, unfit for the bar. It was a breathless moment for everybody.

The steely glare in Cowdery's eyes seemed to grow softer. Lines of sorrowful memories gathered about his mouth. He seemed to have taken himself apart from the gaping crowd.

Jerry repeated his question. "Do you, Mr. Cowdery, believe what is written in this book?"

"No, sir!" the words popped like a pistol shot. A great gasp went up from a hundred throats at the same time.

Jerry grinned triumphantly. "I didn't think so," he said, "but you state here that you believe it, and your signature is attached hereto. Not only that but you state that you saw an angel who showed you the plates from which this book is purported to have been translated. Now which time did you tell the truth, then or now?"

There was not the slightest hesitancy about Cowdery's reply. His words rang with sincerity and truth. "My name is attached to that book because what I there said is true. I did see an angel. He did show me those plates. I know I saw these things, and belief has nothing to do with it, knowing as I do that it is true."

Awe hushed every sound. Tears gathered in Bessie's eyes. This was the thing Jerry and others hadn't counted upon. Pure sacrifice. The man had had nothing to gain by his testimony, had in fact plenty of reason to refute the book in question, but he had held true under fire.

The crowd was breaking up. Stunned with astonishment, Jerry turned and walked slowly up the courthouse steps to defeat.

Late that night, a group of four were gathered about the big table in the parlor at the Gilmores'. Oliver Cowdery was speaking in a queer strained voice that reminded one of tears that couldn't be shed. Jerry and Bessie and her father were hanging breathlessly upon those words.

"With my own hand," he was saying, "I wrote that book, most of it at least, as it fell from the lips of a prophet of God. If you'll read it prayerfully you cannot avoid knowing it is filled with great truths any more than Joseph Smith or I could. Some day, after I have paid the 'uttermost farthing,' God will pour a soothing balm over my smarting soul, and I shall be taken back into the fold. Humbled and crushed, but taken back."

He drew himself suddenly together and became again the dignified lawyer for a moment as he arose from his chair. And then just as suddenly he softened again and stretched forth his hands to touch the heads of Bessie and Jerry.

"God bless your two young hearts," he murmured in benediction, "and keep them tender toward your fellowmen by a testimony of the divinity of that book for which prophets have died. The truth that speaks now from the dust."

When they looked up the door had closed behind him, but there still remained that sweet influence which had at one time made so powerful a thing of his personality.

Jerry reached over and picked up the Book of Mormon and reverently opened it. "And so ends the biggest day of my life," he said softly. "Let's read a chapter together."

Twilight

By Ida R. Alldredge

The sunset glow fades quickly in the west;
Bells tinkle as the herd comes home to rest
And slowly down the path they wend their way
Ere evening shadows shroud the light of day.

The poplar and the weeping willow trees
Sigh gently in the balmy summer breeze;
The fragrant apple blossoms scent the air
And falling water wafts sweet music everywhere.

One lone star twinkles in the vaulted sky
As it resumes its vigil up on high—
Another, then another 'till anon
Yon canopy is studded, day is gone.

The aura of the lilac lends a mystic spell
As shadows lengthen over hill and dell
And twilight slowly shuts from us the light
Enfolding all the world in arms of night.

Indoor Gardens

By Maud Chegwidden

ISN'T it a charming thing, when snow covers the ground outside and winter holds all the trees and perennials in his icy grip, to see a sunny window filled with gayly blooming plants, or with specimens noted for their variegated foliage? I really think that the window garden in winter gives us more pleasure, proportionately, than a whole garden filled with blooming annuals and perennials in the summer. And of course the window garden is the only means some folks have of satisfying their love of growing things, in these days of the cliff dwellers, or apartment house residents.

It is at this time, however, that most of our pot plants begin to look rather discouraged and sad. They are suffering, usually, from the exigencies of modern life, with its over-heated homes filled with dry air. The atmosphere in many houses is as arid as that of the Sahara desert, and of course plants cannot thrive. Then again, often the available plant food in the soil has been used up and the plant is either standing still or actually losing ground.

If you live with furnace heat, your plants are almost certain to be suffering for lack of moisture in the air. Ferns especially cannot endure dry air. Purchase a fine spray from the nursery store, and at least once a week spray the plants with water which is the same temperature as the room. Never use icy water from the faucet, either to spray plants or to water them. If water stands in the room for a few hours, it will be the correct temperature. A pan of water should stand near plants in such a home, so that evaporation is constantly taking place. Paper-white lily bulbs growing in water, or a little dish garden with carrot tops growing in water, will serve two purposes, being both beautiful and useful. An aquarium, with goldfish and water plants, is even better.

If your plants have been in the same pots of earth for more than a year, it is almost certain that the nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, which are the three main items of plant food, have been exhausted. Naturally you will be unable to repot the plants now, with no new soil available, so a balanced plant food must be given. Stim-U-Plant tablets are easy to use and very good, and Vigoro also is a chemical fertilizer of great value. These give immediate results. For slower use there is bone meal, an excellent fertilizer which is safe in the hands of a rank amateur, since one cannot burn the plants by an overdose—which is easily done when the enthusiastic home gardener feeds her plants not wisely, but too well!

Always use a purchased fertilizer exactly according to the printed directions. I once killed a whole window full of plants because I had some ammonium sulphate around the house in a paper bag, and wanted to be rid of it. I mixed an extra strong dose, gave it to the poor defenseless plants, and then felt like a murderer when I saw the poor withered creatures, a few days later. They never recovered.

Plants breathe through their

leaves, by means of tiny mouths called stomata. These minute openings may very easily become choked with dust and often house plants are suffering terribly for no other reason than that they need their faces, ears and necks washed! Dampen a sponge or soft piece of cloth, and cleanse each leaf carefully, once a week.

The method of watering house plants is a frequent stumbling block. Some plants are kept constantly wet, with their feet in a saucer of water at all times, and again some plants are allowed to get dry and hard before another drink is given them. The happy medium, of course, is the correct thing. It is impossible to say that plants should be watered once a day or twice a week, since the air in every home is at a different temperature. Most plants need constant slight moisture. The soil should feel moist to the touch, not wet, and water should never, never be allowed to stand in the saucer. If the earth in your pots is one inch below the rim of the pot, as it should be, there is space for a good drink of water. If any runs through to the saucer, pour it away.

A south window is the ideal place for an indoor garden, although the eastern exposure is also fine. However, there are many plants which thrive in a north window, or under deep overhanging eaves where sun never penetrates. As a general rule the flowering plants require all the sun they can get. Sometimes windows allow alarmingly cold draughts to strike through to the plants, and this is much to be deplored, for plants are never happy with cold currents of air blowing over them. On nights when the temperature is near freezing, either pull down the blind behind the plants, or put several thicknesses of newspaper inside the glass.

It is safe to say that the geranium is the most popular flowering plant for American homes, just as the Boston fern is the favorite foliage plant. The geranium, strictly speaking, is not a geranium but a pelargonium, but as everyone sticks to the wrong name, we may as well do the same. I am asked so many times: "How can I make my geraniums bloom?" A great many home gardeners place their geraniums out in the porch boxes or baskets in summer, where they bloom with abandon, and then expect the same plants to bloom all winter. No plant can bloom constantly, any more than a human being can keep awake all day and all night too. Plants must rest, just as we must. If the geranium has bloomed during the summer it must cease blooming during the winter months, to get energy for its period of bloom the next summer.

This is the way I manage to have geraniums in bloom both winter and summer. My plants help to fill two long boxes on the porch in summer, where they bloom very nicely. In July or August I take slips of each geranium, and root them in a glass of water placed in the dining room window, which faces south. They might be rooted in sand, either. I plant these slips when the root system is well started, and by the time the outside plants have been frost-killed, I have buds on the new geraniums. It is these new starts which bloom all winter.

Geraniums like to be rather on the dry side with regard to water, and a small pot will force more bloom; when the geraniums are in a too large pot they run all to leaves.

Next to geraniums, the finest and most easily grown flowering plants are the begonias, which produce

their pretty flowers of white, pink or red almost continuously. Some of the begonias have no stems, the leaves springing directly from the root stock, and the flower stems also arise straight from the soil. Then again there are begonias which are grown solely for their foliage, and very beautiful and finely colored this is. One may start a collection of begonias with great pleasure, for there are scores of varieties. The beefsteak begonia (begonia sanguinea), with its rounded, leathery leaves dark red beneath, will thrive in a north window, quite sunless.

The fuchsia is one of the daintiest flowering plants we have, and should be in every window garden. Its lovely bright green, pointed leaves are only superseded in beauty by the drooping flowers, so fittingly called "my lady's eardrops." The four petals and the long calyx-tube differ in color, and may be white, cream, pink, purple, or cerise. Extending from the drooping calyx-tube is the still longer stigma and the eight stamens. A plant in full bloom is a thing of beauty indeed. The fuchsia also thrives in a north window. It is rather prone to attacks of the green aphid, which may easily be remedied by spraying with Black Leaf 40, mixed one teaspoonful to the gallon of water.

I wonder how many of our readers grow the English ivy as a house plant? It is one of my favorites, and will endure worse conditions than any other plant I know. It thrives better in the shade than the sun, and will forgive you if you forget to water it, and will grow where gas is present, which many plants refuse to do. English ivy may be trained up ladders, around wire globes and semi-circles, or around a window. Its dark green, handsome leaves should be washed weekly for best results.

One of the daintiest of house plants is the oxalis, grown from a tiny bulb planted five or six to a six inch pot. The leaves are clover-shaped, and fold up at night. The darling little flowers are white, pink, red or yellow, the latter color being usually called the "Bermuda buttercup" in nursery catalogues. The flowers of oxalis come very profusely, but when they show signs of diminishing you should gradually give less and less water, until the leaves shrivel and the plant lies dormant. It may be brought into bloom each winter, indefinitely.

There are so many other choice plants, all easily grown, such as the leopard plant, the snake plant, the many coleuses, the cacti, the ferns and palms, and so on ad infinitum. We have not space to mention all of the wonderful things you may grow in your kitchen or living room windows, with just a little intelligent thought for their needs. Try a few plants which are unknown to you this winter, and add more each year. Soon you will have a valuable and interesting collection, and you will be indulging in one of the most pleasant hobbies, that of window gardening.

Martha Hughes Cannon

By John Henry Evans

PERHAPS no more significant way to begin this biographical sketch could be found than to give an excerpt from the minutes of a "council meeting" (now called by the humbler name of teachers' meeting), held in the Tenth Ward, Salt Lake City, September 6, 1878—fifty-four years ago.

"Bishop Speirs," it reads, "said there was one item of business he wished to speak about. Sister Martha Paul had, in connection with two others, been set apart by President John Taylor, to go East to learn the medical profession. She desires the use of this hall for a benefit, to assist her on her trip. Would like to know the mind of the brethren on the subject. On motion of Counselor Woods it was resolved to let her request be granted."

This is an interesting bit of local history from more than one point of view.

"Sister Martha Paul," as she was then known, lived in a community, it seems, that believed there should be women physicians, that these should be trained for their calling, that they should be "set apart" for the purpose by no less a person than the head of the Church, and that the "study of medicine" was so important a community affair as to justify the ward in giving her a "send-off," as they were in the habit of doing in the case of a missionary who was leaving to preach the gospel.

It was a powerful psychological influence, and doubtless would bear its proper fruit, not only in the period of preparation of "study by faith," but also in the days after the return to the community where the service was to be rendered.

Mrs. Cannon was born in Wales. Her father was Peter Hughes, her mother Elizabeth Evans. The father's home was in a Welsh village, where he engaged in cabinet-making; the mother's, in Birmingham, England, where her parents were well-to-do. Just how the two came together in the first place, is not known. Neither of them was then in the Church.

On their marriage they settled in Wales. Here they embraced Mormonism, and here their three children were born, the second of whom was "Mattie."

The occasion of their embracing the New Movement in religion is odd. While the mother lay in bed in one of her childbirths, perhaps her first, her sister-in-law, a Latter-day Saint, undertook to convert her to the faith. Of course, she just *had* to listen, for she could not possibly get away, and she was too refined and sensitive to become angry at what was intended to be a high service. In the end, both she and her husband became Mormons—much to the "humiliation" of the Evans side of the house.

In those days the people no sooner became members of the new Church than they straightway got "the spirit of gathering" and wished to emigrate to "Zion." That was the case with the Hughes family.

The parents of Mrs. Hughes, however, had very strenuous objections, especially on the score of their grandchildren. "You may go yourself," they said to their daughter.

MARTHA HUGHES CANNON

"That we cannot prevent. But you shall not take the children. The law will justify and help us there, and we shall surely invoke it." These good people would a thousand times rather their daughter had died, than go to a people of whom terrible things were being said.

But wherever there's a will, as the old saw has it, there's a way. So the young couple gathered up what belongings they could not dispose of and, in a sense, stole away unawares.

They landed in New York harbor worse than penniless, for the husband presently took sick of a "decline" and was unable to do any gainful work. The mother, in order to keep things together, took to making men's neckwear, which she sold, and thus made a bare living for the five members of the family.

One day a strange man knocked at their door. He was looking, he said, for a family by the name of Hughes, late from Wales. Was this where they lived? It was. Very well, then, they were to get ready to go with a company to Utah, in a wagon that had been prepared for them. And here was four dollars to help them on the way.

This stranger was Erastus Snow, an apostle of the new faith, and he had come by his knowledge of the Hughes family in a way known only to himself.

Three days after arriving in the Valley the father died. And here the attractive young widow, then in her late twenties, with two children (the youngest had passed away *en route*) was left among total strangers, in unfamiliar conditions, and without any means of subsistence.

Thus much of the family history has been given, to furnish a background for the figure we are attempting to outline here.

The "benefit" over, Miss Paul betook herself to the train that was to carry her East to study.

Seven years this plucky girl, with a man's self-assurance and ambition, stayed away, studying, preparing, for a career of usefulness, which she had mapped out for herself.

First she went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where she pursued a medical course and took the degree of M. D. Thence she went to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where she continued her medical studies. Whatever promised to increase her mastery of surgery and medicine she made her own.

IT happened that in the early eighties there was coming into prominence throughout the country a new science—the science of hygiene and public health. To this science we are indebted for the quarantine of contagious disease, the abolition of the public drinking cup, the pasteurization of milk, the official inspection of food-stuffs before they are placed on the market, the more frequent use of the bathtub and the toothbrush, the innumerable golf courses, tennis courts, sleeping porches, hikes into the country, and a thousand other things and activities that tend to make us all healthier and happier.

For this larger ideal of service Martha Paul was especially prepared. She had been reared among a people who had given the world a crystalized form of health rules—the Word of Wisdom. And then there had always existed in the Mormon community a form of co-operative effort, a working of many as one, that set the pace. On the whole, the Latter-day Saints were inclined to be group-minded, rather than individual-minded. Live and help to

live—that was the community motto.

And so, perhaps unconsciously but none the less certainly on that account, there came to this young woman a larger vision of service. To be sure, she would build up a private practice when she returned to her mountain home. It would be necessary to do that. But, in addition, she would do a larger work. She would introduce the new science of public health among her people, she woud see to it that its principles were embodied in sanitary laws, and thus she would raise the standard of health in the community.

But, in order to realize this higher service, she came to know that something more was necessary than a knowledge of medicine and surgery. She would have to be a publicist. So she did two things: First, she entered upon the courses essential to getting a Ph. D. And, secondly, she matriculated in the School of Oratory in Philadelphia, founded by those gifted persons, Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker, then the leading teachers of public speaking in America, from which she took a degree, A. B.

It is not an exaggeration, therefore, to say that Miss Paul was better equipped for the work she had mapped out for herself in Utah than any one else that could be named in the Territory.

Her expenses at school during these seven years were met from three sources. A small monthly sum was sent her regularly by her step-father, which would have been larger if he had had more means. Then at the various colleges which she attended she did work at the dormitories, when she could spare the time from her studies. Finally, during summers, she acted as secretary to wealthy women, to whom she had been recommended by the college authorities. Almost literally, then, Martha may be said to have worked her way through school, earning by hard effort three degrees —A. B., M. D., and Ph. D. This was an amazing thing, not only for a woman of those times, but for a woman of any time.

Almost immediately she took up the practice of medicine. As a rule, she avoided performing surgical operations, and had them done for her. But she acquired an uncanny reputation in the diagnosis of diseases, for which she manifested a sort of intuition, in addition to both knowledge and skill. When she said to whoever was performing an operation for her, "Cut here," he came to know that the best results were obtained by cutting there.

Presently she was asked to take medical charge of the Deseret Hospital, which was then located near the present site of the West High School, in Salt Lake City. It was in her capacity of hospital physician here that she became more closely acquainted with Angus M. Cannon, then president of the old Salt Lake stake, to whom she was subsequently married.

Meantime, she did not permit herself to forget her larger ideal of public service. So, when she was asked to allow her name to be presented to the Democratic county convention as a candidate for the office of State senator, she welcomed it as an opportunity to get some of her health ideas enacted into laws. It was a source of no little merriment in November, when the election returns showed that she had won over her opponent—who happened to be her influential husband!

This political victory for Dr. Cannon had greater significance than appeared at the time. For

everywhere in those days Mormon women were looked upon as nothing less than serfs, and this victory at the polls for a woman—a victory that could not have been won in any other State in the Union—really opened the eyes of the nation to the true state of affairs in Utah, so far as the women were concerned. A man and his wife running on opposite tickets, the man being a high ecclesiast in the dominant church, and the wife winning in a free vote of the people, most of whom were members of that church! It was a fact sufficient to astound the nation —which it did.

Martha Hughes Cannon, therefore, was the first woman to become State senator, not only in Utah, but in the United States as well.

In the session of the legislature for 1899 (Utah was then a State) she introduced three bills on public health. These included hospital services for the deaf and dumb pupils in the State school at Ogden; quarantine regulations, requirements for burial permits, and tests for tuberculosis in cattle; and measures looking to the health of both teachers and pupils in the public schools, with special reference to such diseases as tuberculosis. These bills were all passed. They were the first of their kind in Utah, and constitute the foundation of our present public health laws.

Dr. Cannon was an exceptional woman, an interesting personality in many ways.

As a public speaker she was both pleasing and forceful, with a large supply of mother wit. From her remarkable mother, it would seem, she inherited that free, easy, graceful flow of language, which is the special gift of all the children of Mrs. Hughes-Paul.

No one, man or woman, ever acquired an earlier purpose in life, a more persistent purpose, or pursued that end with more intelligent determination, than did "Mattie" Hughes-Paul.

Dr. Cannon, moreover, was highly individual—if anyone ever was. Always she had her own way of thinking and doing. She abhorred conventions, unless they were also reasonable conventions.

When, as a girl, she set type on the *Deseret News,* she put on boots in the winter time, which greatly shocked her girl friends and older women. The snows were heavier in the Valley those days, there were no street cars, and "Mattie" had to walk a long way to work. So she figured that dry feet and good health were more desirable than the observance of a silly convention.

Then, too, after she came home from her seven-year study, she cut her hair short like a boy's. There is nothing in that to surprise us nowadays, when short hair is the fashion for women as for men. But one does not need much imagination to see that such a thing would shock a community reared in the dogma that her hair is the crowning glory of woman.

It was at this same school that she subsequently undertook, in a short speech, to demonstrate the superiority of Western water to Eastern, and produced a quart jar of pure Utah liquid (it had been shipped to her as snow) in proof of her contention.

And there you have a thumb-nail sketch of that interesting human document, Dr. Martha Hughes Cannon, now gone to her rest in Paradise.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

OCTOBER—season of rich content: how kind nature holds out her hands laden with gorgeous flowers, and luscious fruits in a setting of golden fields.

MISS GRACE ABBOTT, in a warning to parents to keep their boys at home, says: "Home conditions cannot be worse than those on the road, and the friendless boy has little chance for success." Miss Abbott advises for modernization in the entire American system of relief.

MILDRED DIDRICKSEN of Texas, now the Olympic games are over, is considered probably the greatest girl athlete the world has ever known. In a span of three years she has been entrant in 336 contests and won 334. At the Olympics all the championships for women were won by United States contestants except the discus throw, which was won by Miss Walch of Poland.

MRS. SAMARANDA BRAESEU has established a new world parachute jump for women, dropping from an altitude of 24,000 feet, while Mrs. Frances Morralls and Mrs. Louise Thaden claim the endurance record in the air, having remained over Curtis field 196 hours, and Miss Florence Klingsmith of Minneapolis in a run of 206 miles an hour, won the high speed trophy, all showing great endurance and prowess among women in aeronautics.

HATTIE CARRAWAY of Arkansas led in her party by a big majority for the nomination of United States senator, as did Mabel Barrett of Oklahoma for congress. From sports to politics was a short step for women this summer and both parties are giving place to women on national and state tickets.

EDITH ROCKEFELLER McCORMICK, once called the world's richest woman, died recently, leaving the bulk of her great fortune to a business friend. Before her eccentric attitude after taking up psychoanalysis and reincarnation belief, she was noted for her generosity and helpfulness. She founded and endowed the John McCormick institution for infectious diseases. She brought grand opera to Chicago and gave five million dollars to keep it alive, was a patron of the arts and most generous to progressive institutions. For many years she was Chicago's social dictator.

PRINCESS DER LING, charming and vivacious Chinese lady, has written an interesting book called "Old Banking Methods of China."

PATRICIA WENTWORTH'S new novel, "The Red Shadow," is said to be very entertaining but not a work of art.

MISS M. E. DELAFIELD has written a satirical novel, "A Good Man's Love." While a delicious bit of fun, it is also a good satire on English society.

MARGARET CARLYLE AITKEN, niece of Thomas Carlyle, recently died. Her old home in Damfries, Scotland, was full of Carlyle relics. Here she used to relate to her friends many interesting stories of her uncle and his literary friends, not only English but also American, Longfellow, Emerson and others, at whose homes she visited.

Real Nerve

By Afton Free Baird

THE wind-driven sleet of an early March storm had driven all the inhabitants of the little Utah settlement indoors for the evening. The Wasatch Mountains were still white with heavy snow and the wind which swept down through its canyons was bitterly cold. There were some who were fortunate enough to have their own cabins and families, but a few old-timers and myself had gathered around the red-hot, rusty stove in Uncle Billy's store to listen to the storm and to drive away the "lonesomeness."

The old-timers grew reminiscent as the hour grew late, and the talk drifted around to the early days in the West. Hank Turner told of the iron nerve of a young cowpuncher, and Dad Potter told a yarn about a game young Indian-fighter.

"Well, I dunno," says Uncle Billy, "I guess they was game 'nough, but strikes me some fellers' nerve is jest plain lucky recklessness.

"I once knowed a feller thet showed real nerve, as I calls it, an' it warn't none o' this daredevil show-off kind neither. It was more 'n real nerve in his case, too, 'cause he was naturally so timid-like and scared.

"It happened 'way back in the early days in Nauvoo—time when the Missourians an' the other factions was tryin' so hard to lay hands on Joseph Smith, the Prophet, an' the other Mormon leaders.

"There was a young convert livin' there named Timothy Rand—a tall, husky chap, maybe twenty-five years old—with a high, slantin, forehead, an' a thin, long nose, an' pointed chin. In fact he looked a lot like the Prophet hisself. Everybody noticed it an' joked him 'bout it. Thet's what caused all his trouble.

"But fust, let me tell yo' more about him so's you'll understand. Several times he'd been asked t' join the Nauvoo guards placed 'round the city when trouble was abrewin', but he always managed to squeeze out of it somehow. He was as scared of a gun as a woman of a snake.

"Once, when I accident'lly chopped my finger off, Tim fainted dead away at the sight o' blood.

"O' course, we all kinder laughed up our sleeves at him an' some o' the boys openly jeered at him.

"One time a committee asked him, jes' kind of in fun, t' offer a plan t' keep the trouble-makers out o' Nauvoo.

"Did yo' ever hear of the Whistling and Whittling Brigade?" Here Uncle Billy chuckled, "Well, sir, thet was his idee.

"We all laughed our fool heads off when we heard about it, but, by jove it did a heap o' good jest the same.

"The idee was this. Men was stationed 'round the town as sort o' lookouts an' jest as soon as they spotted a 'spicious character they'd start a followin' him, a whislin' an' a whittlin' a little stick.

"Never a word did they say, jest whistled, an' whittled, an' followed.

"It soon got on the stranger's nerve an' fust thing yo' know, they'd

*This story was given first place in a contest which was conducted in Granite Stake under the auspices of the Literary Department as a fitting culmination to the two years course of study of the short story.

sneak right back where they come from.

"It worked jest the same, but somehow, it made folks laugh at Tim Rand all the more.

"Then somethin' happened," Uncle Billy straightened up in his chair and a more serious expression came over his old face. He went on.

"A crowd of us neighbors 'round had gathered over at Peter Stone's place fer a little cottage prayer-meetin'. The house was on the edge o' town, down near the river—sort o' standin' off by itself.

" 'Fore we knowed what was goin' on a mob was 'pon us. They must o' been more'n a hundred of 'em—all armed an' more'n half drunk.

"I rec'nized the leader fust thing. One o' the toughest wallopers in the country—a reg'lar giant, he was, with little close-set eyes thet made your blood run cold jest to look into 'em.

" 'Coyote' Wimmer, they called him—but Lord knows why! He was more like a wolf than a coyote.

"Well, sir, they sure had us in a trap. We shoved the women an' children in the provisions closet, an' turned 'round to see thet grinnin' devil fillin' up the doorway.

"Jest the minute he sees Tim Rand he takes him right off for the Prophet, hisself.

"If yo' could o' seen the look on his face yo'd a sworn thet it was Satan stood before yo'.

" 'Well!' says he. 'We didn't hardly 'spect this great pleasure. It's you we're wantin', Joe Smith,' says he, pointing straight at Tim. 'Come along peaceful like an' we won't be molestin' the rest o' your prayin' outfit.'

"The name of the Prophet spread like wildfire. Already plumb crazy with whiskey an' hate, they was soon ten times worse. They hollered, they pushed, they cursed, an' they fought. I thought they was gonna push the whole front o' the house in.

"Standin' jest opposite me was Tim Rand. His face was ash-grey, an' I could see big drops o' sweat a standin' out on his pale forehead. But there was a strange set expression on his face I'd never seen before. No mistakin' he did have a look of the Prophet 'bout him.

"I stood like a dummy a starin' at him. 'Coyote' took a step closer, then I seemed to come to my senses.

" 'Thet ain't Joe Smith,' I yelled. 'You're wrong! Thet ain't Joe Smith; thet's Tim Rand—'

"But there warn't nobody a listenin' to me. The noise o' the mob was deafenin'. All tryin' to push themselves through the door at the same time.

"I tried to push Tim into the kitchen but he put out his hand to stop me. He was tryin' to tell me somethin'. I caught the words, women and children, and somethin' 'bout sparin' the rest o' us.

"Then as though to shake the fear clear out o' his soul, he jerked his shoulders an' his head up an' walked straight for the door.

"Well, sir, thet mob went clear mad when they seen Tim—thinkin' him the Prophet, o' course. They liked to pulled him limb from limb. They drug him half a mile to a tree thet stood along near the center of Durfey Street an' there they bound him; abusin' him while they done it. They beat him, stuck knives in him, an' cursed him. One big feller kept runnin' over to Beard's forge to heat an iron to brand him with. But never a sound did Tim make 'cept to groan now an' then.

"It warn't long till nearly all Nauvoo knowed what was happenin'. O' course, we had our signals, our own kind of wireless, so to speak. In

no time the streets were full o' Mormons, all runnin' in the same direction to Durfey Street. A few had guns but most of 'em had clubs and sticks. One feller was a runnin' with a milk-stool in his hand.

"You see, the Prophet always warned us 'bout takin' any needless lives," explained Uncle Billy, then he went on again in his quaint way.

"When the mob seen the Mormons comin', they soon scattered, firin' a few wild shots as they ran, an' leavin' poor Tim a hangin' limp over the ropes thet bound him to the tree.

"Well, sir, everybody thought he was dead. We untied his poor, bloody body and laid it carefully on the grass.

"Every jack-last man thet stood there with his hat off a lookin' down at him, knowed they'd prob'ly never again get a chance t' see another man thet was half as much a man as Tim."

"Did he die?" I asked.

"No, sir, he lived! The prophet had him carried up to the Manor House, an' there he was nursed back to life again. O' course he carried some mighty bad scars the rest o' his life." Uncle Billy stretched his feet out to the fire, then concluded, "Well, boys, thet's what I calls a show o' real nerve."

An Autumn Picnic

By Lucy Rose Middleton

"Orchards with apples and peach trees fruited deep" now belong to the past. Little remains in the frost-bitten October fields except pumpkins and shocks of corn. We are reminded on every hand to make the best use of what good weather remains, for the snows of winter are not far off.

High in the clear sky by night rides a harvest moon, casting shadows of the trees across the earth. Brisk breezes tear brown rustling leaves from every branch. The spirit of Hallowe'en beckons us to venture out for the last picnic of the year.

The ideal way to go on a picnic is to hike, but I think most of us would tuck our baskets of lunch in a car. Five or six o'clock is the best hour to start, so that the selection of a suitable place and gathering wood for the bonfire may be done in the daylight.

The menu need not be elaborate nor need it require much preparation in advance. The neatly home-made-and-trimmed sandwiches would not lend the proper atmosphere to a bonfire dinner, so I suggest that they be made by the light of the fire.

One favorite dinner is steak and onions. The onions can be boiled until tender at home, then added to the hot fat after the steak is fried. In this way, they only require five or ten minutes for browning. Serve with toasted rolls. Another delectable combination is mock clubhouse sandwich. Take tenderloin steak in one inch thick pieces (each weighing about 4 ounces), a slice of a large onion and a slice of bacon. Thread on a green twig in order named and hold over glowing coals. When done sprinkle with salt and pepper and

place between two slices of bread. Sliced or whole tomatoes may accompany this concoction. Probably the most common of dinners prepared over the bonfire consists of frankfurters and toasted rolls.

Fried bacon and slices of tomato may be put between graham muffins which have been split and buttered. Another sandwich could be made by spreading butter and cheese on one side of a slice of bread and topping with a slice of tomato. Toast underside of bread slowly so cheese will melt and tomato will warm through. When done add a strip of fried bacon and another slice of toast. The toast will taste smoky, but that is a desired flavor.

Roasted potatoes and corn are good additions to the meal. The potatoes, which have been washed well and the unhusked corn should be buried well in hot coals and left there until tender. When done, serve with butter, salt, and pepper.

Apple cider or soft drinks are always suitable. If you are fortunate enough to be camped on a stream of water they could be omitted.

The dessert, if any is desired, should be of the simplest kind. Crisp doughnuts, apple turnovers, or toasted marshmallows are good. As it is the season for apples, they, too, would make an ample dessert.

Could one ask for a better dinner?

Very few utensils are required on such an occasion—paper plates, cups, paper napkins and maybe a frying pan. The latter is really unnecessary unless onions and steak are to be cooked together, for otherwise the frying can be done by holding the meats over the coals with long forked sticks. The toasting of bread and rolls may be done in the same way. Long-handled marshmallow forks are often very handy. They can be purchased at your favorite "five and ten." Knives and forks are not to be forgotten.

One thing more I want to remind you of is the care of the fire and grounds when ready to leave. All the rubbish should be buried and no live embers left. Water and dirt are effective in quenching all remnants of the bonfire.

RECIPES FOR OCTOBER DAYS

Cream of Pea Soup with Tomato

2½ cups milk.
1 stalk celery.
½ onion.
2 cups of peas.
4 tablespoons butter.
4 tablespoons flour.
Salt and pepper.

In a double boiler, cook for 20 minutes the celery and onion in 1 cup of milk. In a saucepan, melt the butter then add the flour. Cook well but don't brown, then add the rest of the milk (1½ cups). Stir constantly until the mixture boils, then gradually add the hot milk from which the celery and onion have been removed. Press the peas through a sieve. When ready to serve combine the two mixtures; season well with salt and pepper. To each service, add three or four firm sections of hot, cooked tomatoes.

Baked Squash

6 medium size pieces of squash.
6 tablespoons brown sugar.
¼ teaspoon paprika.
6 small slices bacon.

Remove seeds and pulp from squash and peel. Place portion of salt, sugar, paprika, and bacon on each piece. Bake until tender in a moderately hot oven.

Autumn Salad

Remove the outside skin from grapefruit; separate the pulp into

sections and discard seeds and thin skin between; with care, the sections can be retained whole. Let chill. Fill tender stalks of celery with a mixture of cream cheese and stuffed olives. Peel and slice fresh tomatoes. Arrange the prepared fruit and vegetables on heart leaves of crisp lettuce and serve with French dressing.

Butter Scotch Rolls

2 cups scalded milk.
3 tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons sugar.
2 teaspoons salt.
1 yeast cake dissolved in
¼ cup lukewarm water.
Flour (about 5½ cups).

Add butter, sugar and salt to milk. When lukewarm, add dissolved yeast cake and 3 cups flour. Beat thoroughly, cover and let rise until light. Cut down then add enough flour to make a soft dough. Let rise until double in bulk, and toss on lightly floured board. Roll out ¼ inch thick, spread with butter and sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll up like jelly roll. Cut in ¾ inch pieces. Melt 4 tablespoons butter in rather deep baking pan and cover with ¾ cup brown sugar. One-half cup of pecan nuts may be put in this mixture if desired. Brush sides of rolls with melted butter. Place close together on sugar mixture in pan, cut side down. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees). Serve butterscotch side up.

Lemon Pie

9 level tablespoons cornstarch.
1 1/3 cup sugar.
¼ teaspoon salt.
3 cups hot water.
3 egg yolks.
1 tablespoon butter.
½ cup strained lemon juice and rind of one lemon.

Mix together the cornstarch, sugar, and salt; then add gradually 3 cups of hot water. Stir and cook thoroughly. Very accurate measurements and thorough cooking of cornstarch insure exactly the right consistency every time. Add a little of the hot mixture to the well beaten egg-yolks; stir well, then return to sauce pan for gentle cooking. A double boiler is not used since the cornstarch can stand intense heat, and needs constant stirring. The heat is reduced for the quick cooking after the egg-yolks are added. Remove from fire; add the butter, lemon juice and grated rind. Cool somewhat, then put into previously baked crust. Cover with meringue made from the egg whites and 3 tablespoons sugar. Bake 15 minutes at 375 degrees Fah. When completely cold, the filling stands like jelly.

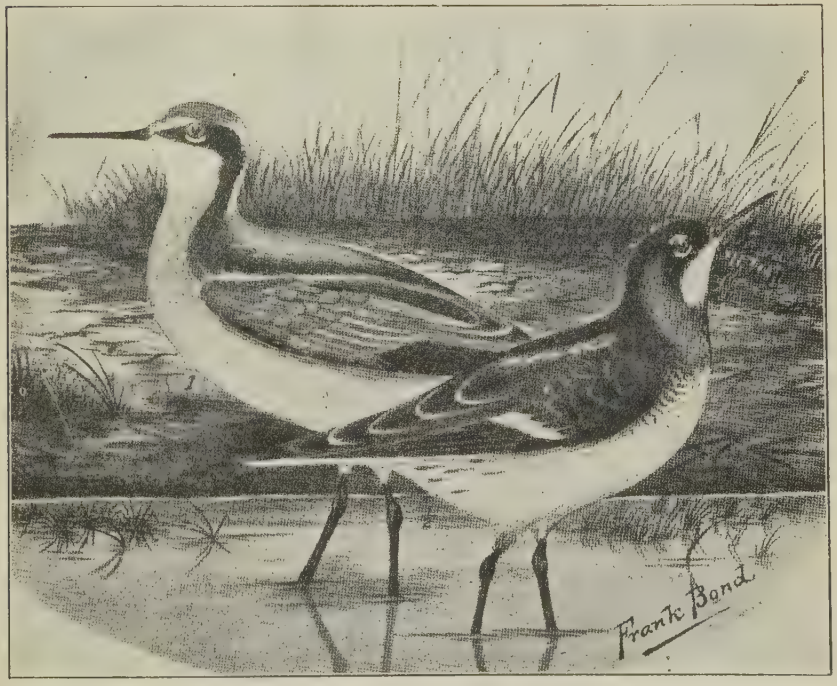
Save the Wild Birds

An Appeal from Bird Students to Western People.
By J. H. Paul

IN his "Birds of California," Mr. Dawson claims that a tremendous gain has been made during the last three decades in the sentimental attitude toward birds. With the younger generation, at least, this is undoubtedly the fact. Few boys today pursue birds with sticks or stones, with flippers or guns; while the former indiscriminate robbing of nests has given way to intelligent interest in the ways of wild birds and a solicitous care for their welfare. Mr. Dawson thinks this change extends also to adults. There now exists, he says, "a splendid and alert interest in birds on the part of the American people; and to such a body of interest science presents its case with confidence and rejoicing."

The Case for Bird Protection

That case, the basis of this appeal, is the usefulness of birds to man—their importance to his material interests, his educational growth, and his religious nature. The proof that man can barely live, or that he cannot live at all, without the help of the millions of birds that protect crops, forests, trees, from insects and rodents, and even man himself



WILSON AND NORTHERN PHALAROPE

from flies and gnats—this is a demonstration due to the insight of men like the president of the British Associaton for the Advancement of Science—men who step beyond the indoor laboratory of science to the greater laboratory of rivers, fields, and hills. The materials thus gathered they proceed to translate into the consciousness of the people rather than into new editions of technical books.

Will not this appeal find response among people of strong religious convictions? Especially among those who have had training in scientific method? Bible students will respond; alone in all ancient literature, the Jewish scriptures make both frequent and correct statements concerning bird life and ways. Each biblical reference to birds, as Mrs. Porter in her "Birds of the Bible" has shown, is true to fact, while other ancient literature, whenever dealing with birds, is filled with error, superstition, and grotesque mistakes and misrepresentations.

Bird Appreciation a Modern Sentiment

It is the view of the British Association for the Advancement of Science that the birds of the world are the friends, the allies, the defenders of mankind. Without birds, that Association maintains, life for man would be difficult and intolerable, if not, as other scientific investigation indicates, well-nigh impossible.

This idea, wholly modern, a discovery of the last few decades, was authoritatively published about the year 1913 in the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. It consisted of the address of the year before by the president of the foremost scientific institution of Great Britian. Perusal of the notable message, "The Value of Birds to Man," should convince any one of the prime importance of bird life to modern prosperity and civilization.

Savers of Trees in Winter

Why are birds of such importance? One group of very tiny creatures comprises the well known chickadee and its allies the bush-tit, the creeper, the nuthatches, and the kinglets. These birds save the Northern forests every winter. They do this by taking the insect eggs of caterpillars—eggs that the mother moth has cunningly hidden beneath bark scales on the underside of branches of forest and timber-trees. These eggs, invisible to our eyes, and wholly beyond our power to destroy, are of numbers inconceivable. They hatch into caterpillars, which possess far-reaching powers of destruction.

A single chickadee on a winter day often takes 900 eggs in a few hours. If these 900 eggs hatched into caterpillars, as they would if tree-saving birds did not find and devour them, they would destroy the largest tree in a single summer. All winter the tree savers work, since almost the only food they can then get is insect eggs. The service they render is incalculable.

Modern man depends upon an abundance of forest groves, not alone for wood and lumber, but for a permanent water supply and for protection against floods, snowslides, and landslides. Throughout the semi-arid West mud torrents in summer floods quickly blot out the works of civilization.

Another group of tree savers, the woodpeckers, well known all year birds, chisel into trees and find the larvae of boring beetles. Year after

MARSH WREN (above)
ROCK WREN (below)

year these larvae girdle the tree. Unless their career of destruction is stopped, they finally destroy the tree. No means yet discovered has enabled man to cope with these larvae. They burrow without ceasing, certain species girdling trees for fourteen years before emerging as adult beetles. Fabre has written a fascinating account of the doings of these burrowers.

Savers of Trees in Summer

Perhaps all people know the little yellow bird of summer, the "wild canary." This is the yellow warbler, the only bird we have that is practically all yellow. What a delight it is to watch this lively and musical sprite as it constantly moves among the branches, singing "tsweet, tsweet, see," while it keeps up its

WOODPECKERS: ROCKY MOUNTAIN HAIRY; LEWIS;

incessant search for tiny caterpillars. If it did not, these would soon become large enough, and they are surely numerous enough, to destroy all our trees.

Invaluable, therefore, is the work

of the warblers and also that of their comrades the vireos. In the Rocky Mountain West, we have six species of vireo and fourteen kinds of warbler. Each warbler possesses some amount of yellow in its plumage, but only one, the Summer Warbler, is wholly yellow.

The most effective method of saving warblers and vireos is to do away with house cats. The women of America might as well be told the truth—that they cannot have both songbirds and cats. They must choose between the delightful singers of the air that save the trees and vegetation and that lamentable mis-

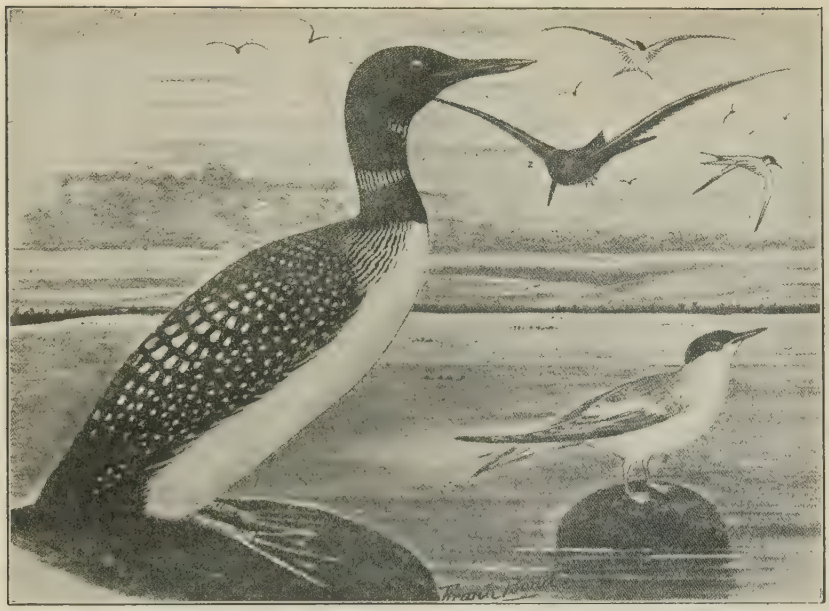
RED START WARBLER

take of civilization, the house cat. Crouching, climbing, hunting by night as well as by day, domestic cats are destroying American songbirds at the rate of 50 millions each year. Moreover, cats transmit tuberculosis, small-pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria. Hygienically it is dangerous to harbor or to caress these low, unintelligent, bird-killing, disease-carrying creatures.

Birds of the Poets

Birds unusually distinguished for their songs, their grace, their intelligence, or their beauty, we call the poets' birds, so frequently have they appeared in song and story. With us, these are first the thrushes, of which bluebird, robin, and hermit thrush are examples. The mocking-bird group comes next. Of these we have here in the North the catbird and the sage thrasher, both very fine singers and often vocalizing by moonlight. Three of the wrens—canyon wren, rock wren, and Parkman's—take rank among the superior artists of song, as do also the green-tailed towhee and the black-headed grosbeak. All the native sparrows sing fairly well; the song sparrow, lark sparrow, vesper sparrow, white crown, and house finch sing excellently and act daintily, only the imported house or English sparrow being a nuisance and menace to man. Sparrows and finches are all poetic favorites, frequently mentioned in literature.

Clever and entertaining species, such as the long-tailed chat, the water ouzel, and the cactus wren, the horned lark, the oriole, among song birds; birds of mystery—the loons, grebes, herons, ibis, cranes, mergansers, cormorants, vulture; odd and bizarre-acting groups, some of them favorites for superstitious folk-lore and legendary tales, such as crows, jays, magpies, pelicans, owls, hawks, eagles, shrikes; birds of high coloring or of marvelous grace in flight, as the tanagers, vermillion fly-catcher, swallows, swans, plovers, stilt, avocet, gulls, terns, notable ducks and geese—these and others appealing to the aesthetic emotions deserve to be ranked with the birds of the poets. All such species it is important to save. We should halt the impending extermination or decimation of these unique creatures by gunners, flippers, house cats, house sparrows, and unschooled urchins. It is mainly scientific curiosity that leads to nest robbing

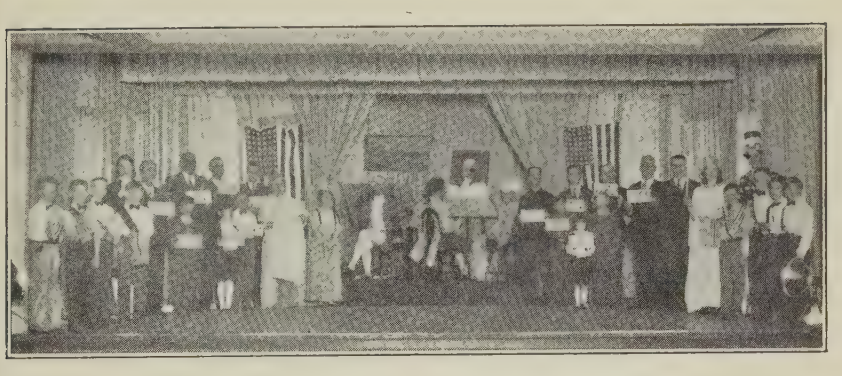


LOON TERNS

and bird-killing. The actual values of species that appeal to aesthetic emotions are none the less real and precious because they are mainly sentimental. Sentiment, emotion, ideals, are the chief values in life.

(To be continued.)

Notes from the Field



PAGEANT HELD IN BLACKFOOT SPONSORED BY STAKE

Blackfoot Stake.

ON the afternoon of February 28, 1932, the Relief Society board of Blackfoot, Idaho, presented a Washington Bicentennial pageant in the L. D. S. Tabernacle. Nearly five hundred people enjoyed it. A tableau, representing the painting of George Washington's picture by Stewart, formed a beautiful background for the pageant. In the tableau, Mrs. George Marshall was Martha; Alan M. Cannon was George Washington, and Gardner Barclay, the artist, Stewart. Each character in the pageant gave interesting information about George Washington, from babyhood to the close of his remarkable career in 1799. Fourteen people represented the fourteen most important years in his life. G. Byron Done and Peter R. Johnston, as ghosts behind the scenes, introduced the years. Mr. Charles Shirley, on his violin, and Miss Margaret Millick on the piano, were heard throughout the entire performance playing old-fashioned minuets and patriotic music. The pageant ended with the cast and the entire audience singing the "Star Spangled Banner." Special numbers added interest to the pageant theme. The prologue was written by Mrs. Sara G. Hoge, a member of the board. The pageant was arranged and directed by Blanche B. Johnston, Emma J. Beck, members of the board, and Mrs. Julia Howe Hegsted.

Raft River Stake.

THE following item of interest comes from Raft River stake. "The Raft River stake Relief Society was reorganized May 14, 1932. President Abbie C. Ottley found it necessary to resign her position due to the fact that her husband has been ill for several months, and requires constant attention. She has labored faithfully the past nine years, sometimes under very trying circumstances. Much of her splendid service came from her great faith and through her untiring efforts to serve the best interests of the people in temporal as well as spiritual matters. We are sure that in her retirement from office she still desires to be of service to her people, and we know she has the love and best wishes of all our sisters."

The General Office of Relief So-

ciety has greatly appreciated Sister Ottley's fine cooperation, and heartily endorse this tribute to her from her own stake.

North Sanpete Stake.

THE following interesting program was received from North Sanpete Stake Relief Society Visiting Teachers' Convention. Singing, "My Prayer;" Prayer, Relief Society Teacher; Trio, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away;" Words of Welcome, Ward President; Scripture reading, The Beatitudes, Matthew 5:1-12; Vocal solo, "Thou Art My God," Etude May 1932 or Resignation. Address, "The Visiting Teachers from the Hostess' Point of View": (1) The Benefits I Receive from the Teachers' Visit; (2) Development I Receive from the Discussion of the Topic; (3) Development I Receive Through my Contribution to Those Less Fortunate. Duet, "Angry Words." Address, "The Beatitudes," Stake Officer: (1) Blessed are the Merciful; (2) Blessed are the Poor in Spirit; (3) Blessed are the Peace Makers. Checking up on the score cards and announcing the results. Closing song, "Nay, Speak No. Ill." Benediction, a Teacher.

A social hour, with refreshments, completed a very beneficial and delightful convention.

Kanab Stake.

A REPORT from Kanab stake comes as follows: "On Friday, June 17, 1932, Kanab stake held a very successful and well attended Relief Society teachers' convention at Alton, Utah. Representatives from each of the seven wards in the stake were in attendance. Roll call showed 160 Relief Society members present and 12 stake board members. The object of the convention was to show the great benefit derived from visits made to the homes by the Relief Society teachers, and the encouragement and appreciation that should be given the teachers for their efforts. Each ward was asked to prepare an original dramatization on teachers' work. They responded with some very excellent efforts. The music was also furnished by the various wards. The first meeting was called to order at 10 a. m., by Stake President Bergetta Covington who gave a few words of welcome encouragement and praise to the teachers. At noon the assemblage repaired to the pine grove, near the Twin Pine Pavilion, where a delicious luncheon was served, and the members from various wards had the opportunity of informally renewing old friendships with each other. Toasts to the teachers were given from each ward. Musical numbers were also rendered. As a special treat ice cream was served to all those present by the sisters of the Alton ward. At two o'clock another meeting was held where the dramatizations were continued. A story written by Sister Amy Stork of the Orderville ward, and chosen as the best story submitted in the stake during the recent short story contest, was read by Sister Esther Lamb. Stake President Heber J. Meeks, and Counselor Charles R. Pugh were in attendance and gave interesting talks. All who attended the convention felt that the dramatizations and other numbers on the program were very effective in arousing enthusiasm and appreciation of teachers' work.

Mount Ogden Stake: (Twelfth Ward.)

THE picture on the following page is of the historical pageant, "The Realization of a Dream," presented in the Twelfth Ward, Mount

THE REALIZATION OF A DREAM

Ogden Stake, Ogden, Utah. Upper center, officers of the first Relief Society, surrounded by members, each of whom represents some outstanding achievement of the organization from its inception until the present time. The pageant was written and directed by Jeanette McKay Morrell and Helen Hinckley.

Minidoka Stake: (Rupert First Ward.)

AMONG the interesting pictures recently received, is one from Rupert First Ward, Minidoka Stake. The feature of the Annual Day was the presentation of the pageant "The Organization of the Relief Society in Nauvoo." The report is as follows: "The president of our Relief Society, Mary J. Bailey, being Emma Smith; Lucy Mack Smith, Sarah M. Cleveland, Sophia Packard, Philinda Merrick, Martha Knight, Elizabeth Ann Whitney, Phoebe N. Wheeler, Elvira A. Coles, Sarah M. Kimball, Eliza R. Snow, Sophia Robinson, were the characters we used.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

Cache Stake Relief Society:

ONE of the most outstanding entertainments of the Cache Stake Relief Society annual day held on May 18, of this year was a testimonial given in honor of our four living presidents.

"We have in our Stake three living past presidents and our present president, so it was decided to hold a testimonial in honor of these wonderful women, Sisters Lucy S. Cardon, who at one time was a General Board member, Kinnie Ballif Caine, Lizzie Benson Owen and Lula Yates Smith. Three hundred and fifty women assembled in the Fourth Ward Chapel, which had been beautifully decorated with tulips, lilacs, potted flowers and ferns. Here a very splendid program was rendered, paramount among the numbers given being a paper on the lives of these presidents, with responses by each. A corsage was presented and pinned on each president as she responded. Flowers and words were bestowed upon them while they were yet with us to show them our gratitude and appreciation for their labors.

"We also were most greatly honored by the presence of our General Relief Society presidency, Sisters Louise Y. Robison, Amy B. Lyman, Julia A. Child who thrilled their listeners with words of inspiration and encouragement. Our Stake Relief Society Chorus rendered three beautiful selections. At the close of the program all adjourned to the recreation hall which had been transformed into a vertiable fairy bower, with masses of flowers, rugs, wicker sets, and easy chairs arranged about the large room, also two large serving tables with lace covers, centered with blue bowls filled with yellow tulips and yellow and blue tapers in silver holders at each end. Eight young ladies dressed in fluffy, dainty dresses served the refreshments.

"Throughout the whole a spirit of love and harmony pervaded."

GENERAL RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY AND FOUR PAST PRESIDENTS OF CACHE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY
TAKEN MAY 18, 1932

Yellowstone Stake (Marysville Ward).

THE president of Marysville Ward Relief Society writes: "We are progressing very satisfactorily in our Relief Society work. Just recently we held a very successful class teachers' convention, with the Farnum, Ashton and Marysville wards cooperating. We feel that it did much good in encouraging the teachers to put this work over. Most of the stake officers were in attendance, and as we live quite a way from stake headquarters, it brought the instructions home to us.

Radio Broadcasts

TO the Relief Society will come the honor and pleasure of beginning the series of radio broadcasts of the auxiliary organizations of the Church. This series will begin on Sunday evening, October 16, at 8:45 M. S. T., and emanates from the studio of Radio Station KSL, at Salt Lake City.

The Relief Society program will consist of addresses on the history and scope of the organization, and a very delightful feature of each evening will be the music furnished by "The Singing Mothers." This group consists of 250 Salt Lake mothers, who have good voices, and, true to the spirit of the Relief Society, are willing to use them. Busy mothers though they are, they have found time to spare from their many duties to participate in one of the most unique and progressive choral achievements of American women.

They first began activity as small singing groups in local organizations of the Relief Society. When the real excellence of the work of these small groups was demonstrated, the thought was suggested of combining them into one large chorus, which was accordingly accomplished. Under the direction of their leader, Mrs. Charlotte O. Sackett, they have held regular rehearsals, and have made frequent public appearances. Their repetoir is wide, including fine Church hymns, classical and patriotic compositions. The chorus has its own director, organist and soloists, with sufficient talent to meet every need.

Relief Society members will doubtless wish to invite their friends to tune in on these fine programs, which will be given on four consecutive Sunday evenings at 8:45 M. S. T., beginning October 16.

Prohibition

The May third issue of "Signs of the Times" is a very fine prohibition number. It is recognized by churchmen and leaders of dry forces everywhere as a most complete and effective piece of literature provided for the present campaign. It will have more than a million circulation. It answers every line of argument of the wets with reliable information. We urge our readers to get copies of this issue and circulate them as widely as possible. They may be secured from "Signs of the Times," Mountain View, California, or from the Utah Book Society, 826 East 21 South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Single copies are 5c each; lots of one hundred or more are $2.50; and one thousand or more are $17.50.

The following paragraphs are taken from "Prohibition and Lawlessness:

"There is no allegation against Prohibition more frequently made by the Wets than that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law caused the crime wave in the United States.

"That America is crime ridden is all too obvious; but to say that all crime or any major part of it is due to Prohibition is a horse of a different color. While it is true that we have crime with Prohibition, it is equally true that we had crime before Prohibition. This indicates that there are factors other than Prohibition in the crime problem.

"But you may ask, 'Isn't it true that crime has increased since Prohibition?'

"Yes, that is a fact, but it is also true that lawlessness was increasing year by year before Prohibition. Indeed, Calvin Coolidge reported to an American Bar Association meeting shortly after Prohibition went into effect, that 'since the year 1890 there has been an ever-increasing tide of lawlessness in this country.' Thus the increase in crime began a long thirty years before Prohibition.

" 'But,' you persist, 'no matter how or when the crime wave began, isn't the infraction of the liquor laws the chief item in our crime totals today?'

"No, not by any means! In a notable address on the question of lawlessness delivered in 1929, President Hoover declared:

" 'I have purposely cited the extent of murder, burglary, robbery, forgery, and embezzlement, because *only a small percentage* of these can be attributed to the Eighteenth Amendment. In fact, of the total number of convictions for felony last year, *less than* 8 *per cent* came from that source. That is, therefore, but a sector of the invasion of lawlessness.'

"In the introduction to the volume, *The Criminal and His Allies*, by one of the outstanding judges of the nation, Judge Marcus Kavanaugh of Chicago, it is said:

" 'As for Prohibition, the steady increase in major crimes, which have clogged the dockets of the courts, has kept a pace quite unrelated to the comparatively minor offenses against the Eighteenth Amendment.'

"In other words, if Prohibition were blotted out right now, the sum total of our lawlessness as it now exists would not be greatly reduced."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Vol. XIX OCTOBER, 1932 No. 10

EDITORIAL

Progress

WE hear so much about the increase of crime that it is encouraging to learn from the report of Miss Additon, the Sixth Deputy Police Commissioner, that police department records of New York City show that in 1930 there were 7,114 arrests of juveniles, and in 1931, 6,322, a decrease of 11 per cent during the two years of the Crime Prevention Bureau's service.

The object of the Crime Prevention Bureau of New York, of which Miss Additon is head, "is to cut off crime and suppress vice at their sources through the prevention of juvenile delinquency. This is accomplished through specially trained officers, men and women, who study environmental factors in the various neighborhoods of the city, and become personally acquainted with the boys and girls in those neighborhoods and their special needs." The Bureau welcomes and receives help from all the agencies and clubs in the city who deal with boys and girls under twenty-one years of age, and with other welfare and health societies which can help in family adjustments and provide medical care.

The program of the Bureau provides a recreational program and medical care. Athletic activities under general supervision of the men in the Bureau are given to thousands of boys. Training in character and conduct is given as widely as possible. Confidence is developed in the course of this training, by having talks from boyish heroes, such as baseball players and fighters.

Miss Additon, as she studies cases of delinquency, finds poverty, ill health and broken homes are factors oft repeated. "The majority of criminals seem to have been sickly boys. According to psychiatrists,

crime may often be a compensation giving the youthful criminal a sense of power to make up for his physical inferiority. Extreme poverty also may lead to a superiority substitute in the false sense of power that comes from use of a gun. No one factor can explain a tendency toward crime, but poverty and ill health evidently play a very large part in a city like New York. Every boy and girl coming before the Bureau receives a physical examination, and serious physical defects are often found. The correction of these defects in many cases cures the criminal tendency."

All too slowly we are learning that society's obligation is to find out the cause of criminal tendencies and to remove the untoward conditions, so that every child shall be so surrounded and so conditioned that he can live a normal life.

Social Hygiene

WE are pleased to note that the General Federation of Women's Clubs, at their biennial convention held in Seattle, Washington, June 9-18, passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, The General Federation of Women's Clubs recognizes the steadily increasing interest in social hygiene, particularly as it concerns family life and the protection and welfare of women and minors, and

"Whereas, We appreciate the importance of a more widespread knowledge of the principles of social hygiene in the development of a well-rounded program of public health,

"Therefore, Be It Resolved, That the General Federation of Women's Clubs urge the State Federations and local clubs to study the problems of social hygiene and, by giving it a definite place on their annual programs, aid in arousing public interest and local responsibility for the bettering of conditions relating to these aspects of the social welfare of the community."

We believe much social betterment will result from the interest of this powerful organization in social hygiene.

A Time-Keeper Needed

SOME people seem absolutely lacking in a sense of time. If assigned fifteen minutes to speak on a topic they wander on for forty-five or fifty minutes, wearing their hearers out and often leaving only five or ten minutes for two or three speakers whom the people are anxious to hear and who have important topics to discuss. We wonder why presiding officers do not call these long-winded speakers to time.

SIMPLICITY and harmony feed the soul. Today I attended a funeral. No announcements were made. The two speakers and the musicians knew when they were to appear. The bishop merely nodded when they were to commence, and so the rites proceeded like beautiful music without a discordant note.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

Doctrine and Covenants

(First Week in December)

Significance and Purport

LESSON III

1. At a special conference held at Hiram, Ohio, November 1, 1831, it was decided to publish the "Book of Commandments." Section 1 of the *Doctrine and Covenants,* designated by the Lord as "my preface unto the book of my commandments" was received by revelation in the afternoon of that day. The same evening it was read by Oliver Cowdery to the assembly.

2. *The Lord's Preface.* This revelation is remarkable in many respects. In the first place, it contains twelve hundred words of especially well-written material. The task of preparing such a literary product would ordinarily require a far longer time than that in which Joseph produced it. Then, too, it will be recalled that Joseph was the presiding officer at the conference and accordingly had his attention divided among various other matters. But with the characteristic efficiency of a Seer, he prepared the document in the afternoon and had it ready for submission the same evening.

3. In the second place, the revelation meets all of the requirements of a well-written preface. The primary object of any preface is to furnish preliminary information concerning the subject, the point of view of the author, and the manner of treatment. Section 1 meets these requirements in remarkable detail. Note, for example, that verses 1-7 form the introduction, verses 8-36 the preface proper, and verses 37-39 the conclusion. These facts are well set forth in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Assocaition *Manual,* 1906-1907, as follows:

The Introduction. (Verses 1-7.)
- a. The Speaker and the Command (1).
- b. Message to the Nations (2, 3).
- c. Messengers to be Sent Out (4, 6).
- d. Guarantee of Truth (8-36).

The Preface Proper (Verses 8:36).
- a. Authority of the Messengers (8-10).
- b. Necessity for the Message (11-16).
- c. Restoration of the Gospel (17-23).
- d. Purpose of the Book (24-30).
- e. Necessity of Obeying the Commandments (31-33).
- f. Destiny of Earth and Man (34-36).

The Conclusion (Verses 37-39).
- a. Guarantee of Truth (37-38).
- b. Seal of the Book (39).

4. Students are urged to study carefully the entire section and to compare it step by step with the outline above given. It constitutes an excellent pre-view of the entire book of *Doctrine and Covenants,* and is set forth in language pleasant to read and easy to comprehend.

5. *Meaning of the Name.* The term "doctrine" as used in the caption of the *Doctrine and Covenants* signifies a set of truths given by the Lord for the guidance of his people. Not all of the world's doctrines however are of Divine origin. To il-

lustrate: The philosopher may reason out a set of opinions which he advocates in connection with his subject. These may change from time to time with increased advancement. Many of the doctrines of the early scientists are also vastly different from those of today. Doctrines of Divine origin, on the other hand, are never negated, since they are based on actual verities. The doctrine of the divinity of Christ, for example, or of the necessity of baptism, will never change.

6. In its general application the term "covenant" indicates a mutual agreement between two or more parties. As used in the title of the *Doctrine and Covenants* it implies God's promise of blessing to those who abide by his law. Between individuals, covenants are not always kept. According to civil law, when one of the contracting parties fails to keep his agreement, the other is released. In the case of covenants made between God and man, Deity is never the violator. Moreover, God is not bound when man breaks his promise. Conversely, when man keeps his promise, the Lord cannot be released. Here are his words: "I the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." (Doc. and Cov. 82:10.)

7. The term "Doctrine and Covenants" therefore signifies a series of truths given to man of the Lord, together with an irrevocable promise of reward to all who obey. In the following unmistakable words God has challenged his children to the test: "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Malachi 3:10.) It is truly heartening for man to be assured that when he does his part, God will not fail him; that promised rewards are as sure to be forthcoming as daylight follows the appearance of the sun. Just so sure are the covenants of God with man.

8. *Language of the Book.* It is also encouraging to know that God's promises are couched in the language of common folk and not in the abstract language of the learned few. Deity explains that inasmuch as the Gospel might be carried to the world by the humble of the earth, he has caused that his commandments should be written after the manner of their language and understanding. Following is his statement: "But that every man might speak in the name of God the Lord, even the Savior of the world; that faith also might increase in the earth; that mine everlasting covenant might be established; that the fulness of my gospel might be proclaimed by the weak and the simple unto the ends of the world, and before kings and rulers, Behold, I am God and have spoken it; these commandments are of me, and were given unto my servants in their weakness, after the manner of their language, that they might come to understanding." (Doc. and Cov. 1:20-24.)

9. Students of the *Doctrine and Covenants* may therefore proceed with full assurance that the meaning and purpose of God are clear and easily understood. Deity has not given his message in terms of ambiguity or equivocation, but rather in language which the masses can readily understand. Thanks be to God that he loves the common folk.

10. *Responsibility of Writing in the Name of God.* It should not be understood however that documents such as these can be produced without the assistance of Divine com-

mand. This is well illustrated by the following historical incident. At a conference held at Hiram, Ohio, some of those who were present criticized the language of the revelations and thought in their hearts that they themselves might improve it. Divining their intent, the Lord through Joseph Smith spoke to them as follows: "Now, seek ye out of the Book of Commandments, even the least that is among them, and appoint him that is the most wise among you; or, if there be any among you that shall make one like unto it, then ye are justified in saying that ye do not know that they are true; but if ye cannot make one like unto it, ye are under condemnation if ye do not bear record that they are true. (Doc. and Cov. 67: 6-8.)

William E. McLellan, reputed to be a wise man, accepted the challenge and attempted to bring forth a literary production superior to the revelations. In this he is said to have utterly failed, as a result of which, faith was greatly increased among those present. Joseph adds that it is an awful responsibility to write in the name of the Lord. (See *History of the Church,* Vol. I, pp. 224-226.)

12. *Revelations Given as the Result of Asking.* It is interesting to observe that many of the revelations given in the *Doctrine and Covenants* came as the direct result of asking. Indeed it is doubtful that any one of the revelations was wholly volunteered by the Lord. In Joseph's own account, many of the revelations are preceded by such statements as "I inquired and received the following," etc. His visitation by the Father and the Son was also the result of prayer.

13. It is only natural that God should reserve his blessings for those who seek them. The same condition exists in all the affairs of human achievement. The individual who succeeds in college, on the farm, or in the shop is he who aggressively desires to do so. The idler and the indifferent are characteristically non-progressive wherever found. God's oft-repeated promise, "Ask and ye shall receive," is as fully true of material things as it is of things of the Spirit. Asking of course commonly consists of more than mere words.

14. Once the necessity of asking is fully learned, progress is well begun. Wisdom in asking is also essential to success. Prayer—in its most productive form coupled with effort—is the key to spiritual achievement. Surely success should be worthy the asking.

15. *Answers to Questions.* Thus the revelations contained in the *Doctrine and Covenants* are essentially answers to petitions for spiritual enlightenment; some of them are answers to direct questions. The revelations can be most easily understood when the questions that provoked them are known, also the historical conditions immediately antecedent to their reception. It is from this point of view that most of the following lessons will be approached.

16. The efficiency of this method is well illustrated in connection with the revelation contained in Section 2, which consists of Biblical quotations made by the angel Moroni to Joseph Smith on the night of September 21, 1823. The revelation follows: "Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers. If it were not so, the whole

earth would be utterly wasted at his coming."

17. If taken alone this revelation is more or less meaningless. But when it is studied in connection with related matters—as will be done in the next succeeding lesson—its message and purport are simple and easy to understand.

Questions for Discussion and Review

In what respects do you regard the revelation given in Section I most remarkable?

Give the meaning of the terms "doctrine" and "covenants."

Why is God bound if his children obey?

Why did God cause his word to be written in simple language?

Why is it a great responsibility to write in the name of the Lord?

Why does the Lord give to those who ask?

In what sense is the *Doctrine and Covenants* an answer to prayer?

Why can we understand the revelations best when we know the conditions that provoked them?

Teachers' Topic

THE BEATITUDES

Aim: To enable us to more fully appreciate the Beatitudes and to apply their beautiful truths in our daily lives.

"Blessed are the Meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

Whom does Jesus call the blessed people? Those who are meek. By meek is meant—gentle, kind, indulgent. He who is meek is of gentle and long-suffering disposition; is submissive and complacent; not proud, but humble and lowly. These virtues are all opposed to pride or conceit. Meekness must not be confused with self-depreciation.

Meekness is a virtue which can be exercised both towards God and towards man; and inasmuch as it involves self-control, it is not a weak but an heroic quality. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." Prov. 16:32.

In the life and labors of Jesus, meekness was manifest to a marked degree. He was willing at all times to submit to the will of God, saying —"Thy will and not mine be done." In loving kindness he mingled with the lowly, and even with the sinners in need of inspiration of a better life.

Moses the great prophet and leader of ancient days was a man of meekness and humility. Reference is made to this outstanding virtue in Numbers 12:3, "Now the man Moses was very meek above all the men which were upon the face of the earth."

The life of Jesus was an example of this great doctrine—"Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister."—Matthew 20:26. Let us then weed out intolerance, pride, and selfishness, and with gratitude in our hearts make meekness a habit of our lives. By so doing, we may enlarge and enrich our lives, and live in a world of peace and good will.

Our blessings are not always immediate, so our faith must prompt us to look far into the future for our rewards. We must struggle with our problems—oftentimes poverty and sickness—but be patient in the thought that our blessings are of an eternal character, and will endure forever.

Literature

(Third Week in December)

THE DELIGHT OF GREAT BOOKS

FAUST—GOETHE

"We must daily fight our lives anew to attain an inner freedom."—Goethe.

It would seem fitting to begin this study planned to recognize the centennary of the universal poet, Goethe, by quoting from a leading modern student of the poet, Henry Nevison; "Goethe was a true humanist, a superman, a magnetic personality, a man of the world, a man of letters, a scientist, a statesman, an artist,—an universal man."

Goethe, the Man.

There are more biographies of Goethe than of any other great literary figure. Goethe's heart, which few men knew, was as great as his intellect; a man in whom two personalities were at war.

"Twin brethren dwell within me twins of strife
And either fights to free him from the other,
One grips the earth in savage lust of life,
Clutches the ground and wallows in the mire;
The other lifts himself and struggles to be free
Tearing the chains that bind him to his brother,
Beating the air with wings of vast desire
Toward the far realm of his great ancestry."

—Faust.

Goethe's life was devoted consciously to self-development; hence, his works constituted one great confession. The poet cut deep into his own heart as he Boswelized his own life in "Faust," "Werther," "Tasso," "Meister Wilhelm."

1. Parentage and Boyhood.

A gay pleasure-loving girl of seventeen, Katherine Textor, the eldest daughter of Frankfort's chief magistrate, became the wife of Rath Goethe, a pedantic bachelor of thirty-nine, already retired from business. During the early months of their married life the husband boresomely plied his young wife with knowledge. Their son, Wolfgang, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, August 28, 1749. Of his parental heritage Goethe said:

"From father came my sturdy frame
To serious tasks impelling;
From mother zest for life, the game,
And joy of story telling."

Goethe's mother was his life-long friend and confidant. From his father Goethe received his many-sided education, Latin, Greek, French, Italian and English being included. A doting grandmother completed the boyhood picture. She it was who gave her grandchildren, Wolfgang and his sister Cornelia, a puppet theatre. Rare good times came to the children from this source.

Frankfort, the scene of Goethe's boyhood, was a large commercial center with 33,000 inhabitants, and noted for its international fairs and imperial pageants. It was during such activities that the boy, Wolfgang, became interested in the theatre. "My passion grew with every performance, though I had to endure the constant reproaches of my father."—Goethe. Many other interesting experiences came to the lad. His interest in the merchant Jews of the city led him to learn Hebrew. Particularly did his sympathy go out to the people of the lower strata of the city. From the

boyhood years came many experiences which found place in the literary products of maturity.

2. Student Days.

Goethe was sent to Leipzig to study law. He went submissive but morbid, with no interest in law. Little was accomplished beyond an interest in literature and art. Unquestionably his life was misguided and licentious during this period. The scene in Auerbach's cellar depicted in "Faust" is probably a close reproduction of certain wild orgies of these days. A breakdown in health closed the period. It was a depressing situation when the invalid returned home from his early university career dissipated and devoid of energy or enthusiasm.

During the period of convalescence, Goethe became acquainted with Susanna Von Kletenberg, a woman with an exquisite spiritual nature of the Moravian faith. No writings of Goethe revealed the spiritual wrestlings of this period, but the spirit and philosophy of Fraulein Von Klettenberg are recorded in "Wilhelm Meister."

It was a youth refined by his religious experience and sobered by an illness which had brought him to the very brink of the grave, who now set out to win a degree of Doctor of Laws at Strassburg in 1770. "Here Goethe discovered his genius and found his soul." Two great events mark this period of studentship; the friendship with Herder, the great literary critic, and a beautiful love idyll. The poet Herder created in the young poet an enthusiasm for the legendary background of Hebrew and German literature. After several months of the beautiful love idyll with Frederika, a rural minister's daughter, Goethe found himself confronted with a great crisis. "From my boyhood up it has been my wish and purpose to develop completely all that is in me and to make my own existence harmonious," Goethe says, in explaining his decision to make the renunciation of the love of a noble woman.

The desired degree obtained Goethe returned to Frankfort.

3. Early Years of Authorship.

To the satisfaction of his father, Goethe settled down to the profession of advocate upon his return to Frankfort. While practicing a profession he despised, he escaped by writing a great historical drama "Gotz," the story of a German patriot of the time of the Reformation. The drama took Germany by storm. Friends gathered round the author and life became more companionable.

Out of two friendships of the next few years, Kestner, a young lawyer, and his fiancee, Charlotte Buff, came Goethe's greatest novel, "Werther." The novel is an intimate study of a human soul in travail revealing the relationship of man with a beloved woman, with nature, and with God.

By 1774 Goethe stood at the forefront of the intellectual movement of his time. Yet during this period "he was perpetually rent by the contradictions of his own nature, now delighting in companionship, now imperious in his demand for solitude, today religious, tomorrow cynical, sensual and then transcendental, all egotism or all self-surrender. Goethe's greatest works were conceived during this Daemonic struggle. It was the end of youth—the youth of a genius incarnate.

4. Weimar.

At this time Goethe's life changed entirely. He accepted the invitation of the Duke of Weimar to a position on the Privy Council of the duchy,

and thus had direct charge of the cultural and intellectual life of the duchy. During the early years of diplomatic life Goethe wrote the classical dramas "Tasso" and "Iphe-ginie" for the theatre.

A great friendship now came to Goethe, Charlotte Von Stein, a lady of literary tastes married the duke's master of horse. She became a reservoir for the flood of Goethe's imagination. To her he penned the lines:

"Tell me what is Destiny preparing,
Tell me why we two are drawn so near,
Aeons since were you a sister sharing
Kin with me, or else a wife most dear;
Everything I am, my every feature
You devined, my every nerve could thrill
Read me at a glance—no other creature
Knows me as you know, nor ever will."
—Goethe.

In the closeness of this friendship Goethe perceived a call to something higher, more inspiring. Forcibly restraining the physical elements in his nature, the friendship continued; destiny seemed to say "Daemon" and genius say "Self-Master" as he vascillated between sexual desire and spiritual longing. Goethe resorted to seclusion withdrawing from his court mansion to a garden house on the outskirts of Weimar, occupying his leisure hours with an intense study of science.

Goethe next took a long desired visit to Rome. Traveling without a servant, he lived and learned freely. The effect of Rome was tranquilizing. The work on "Faust" progressed. Of this period Goethe said: "I believe in God again. I feel as if I had come back to my birthplace. I was pining under a gloomy sky. Now I feel as a prisoner released. Now I am a free man."

Upon Goethe's return to Weimar, he took Christiane Vulpius as his wife. She was a young, fervent simple nature, fresh as the dawn. Mating gave to the poet home, paternity, and most of all anchorage. This union became a great social barrier to the poet. There followed barren years in Goethe's poetic life. "Faust" reflects an intellectual loneliness as the cause:

"The treasures of the mind that I have hoarded
Now I possess them seem an idle show
I count them up at last, yet am accorded
Nothing of a soul's revivifying glow
Not by a hair's breadth have I risen higher
No nearer to my infinite desire."
—Faust.

5. The Brotherhood of Genius.

The friendship of Goethe and Schiller is one of the great chapters in German literary history. The two men differed greatly in temperament and mentality. A thousand letters recorded the friendship between Goethe, the realist, and Schiller, the idealist. The influence of this friendship is revealed in "Herman and Dorothea," an epic idyll of surpassing beauty built on the Homeric pattern with a simple love story for a theme.

6. Closing Years.

Ill health and disappointment caused Goethe to again seek freedom in Italy. His spiritual life was again stabilized. "Faust" now became a new thing to the poet. He changed it from a human tragedy to a world drama. It became the epitome of his life, the receptacle of his highest wisdom, a product of his spiritual evolution.

Stormy days at Weimar caused Goethe to withdraw from political life. Finally, the discord reached the theatre and Goethe resigned as its director. Friends were passing away, and a new generation of men at court held him aloof.

The death of his wife left a gap in Goethe's home. His only son, August, had married a flippant, friv-

olous girl. The home became upset by drunken revels and his income squandered.

The world drama of "Faust" is now completed. The noble monologues with which the drama closes are as personal poetry as Goethe ever wrote.

Death came March 22, 1832, as the poet asked that the shutters to his room be opened for "more light." All his life he had sought untiringly for "more light" on the riddle of life, and he like his "Faust," passed on with the mystery unsolved.

In conclusion Goethe's life is not merely a life, it is an epoch. It represents the Golden Age of Germany's rich literature. Of the 150 volumes of Goethe's literary works, the following bear the stamp of eternity: "Faust," "Tasso," "Herman and Dorthea," "Werther," "Meister Wilhelm," "Iphigenie" and his own autobiography.

"Faust"—A World Drama.

"Faust" is coming to be regarded as one of the chief literary treasures of the world.

It is a series of profound problems which cannot be grasped by a mere cursory reading. The two parts are very different, yet there is one fundamental thought or spiritual movement. Santayana, the great philosophic student of "Faust" says, "It was written to touch the heart, to bewilder the mind, to humanize, to indicate a philosophy of life—that he who strives strays, yet in that straying finds salvation." Goethe said of his great drama in his last letter written March 17, 1832, "It is more than sixty years since the general plan of "Faust" lay before me in my youth."

Goethe uses for his drama the old medieval Faust legend recorded in 1587 as "The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of John Faustus." The story briefly, is that of a man, Dr. Faustus, gifted with powers of magic who for twenty-four years of wild pleasures sold his soul to the devil. Goethe said of the marionette tale of "Faust" he witnessed as a child: "It murmured with many voices in my soul. I, too, had wandered into every department of knowledge and had returned early enough dissatisfied with the vanity of science."

Mephistopheles, the profound dramatic creation of Goethe, is a symbol and an individual. He defines himself as the "spirit that denies." He denies love, whereby the whole creation moves upward. His lust is for power. He has the intellect of a god.

The Drama.

1. The Prologue.

In the prologue in heaven, Mephistopheles is found sneering at the world as God had made it. Man to him is a discontented creature. God mentions Faust as an exception and gives Mephistopheles permission to tempt Faust with material pleasures. If Mephistopheles succeeds in satisfying Faust with such worldly pleasures and powers as are at his command, the soul of Faust shall be his.

2. The Drama—Part I.

It is midnight on Easter eve. Faust, an old man, a doctor of science and philosophy and gifted with powers of magic, is in his study. He is discontented with all his knowledge. To satisfy his longing for more knowledge he summons by magic the Earth Spirit. The interview leaves Faust still unsatisfied. Faust is deterred from taking poison to end his wretchedness by the sound of bells greeting the Easter dawn. As the morning advances Faust with one of his students, Wagner walks in the village and greets the

villagers who respect Faust greatly. Upon the return to the Gothic study Mephistopheles in the garb of a traveling scholar appears. He urges Faust to give up his musty books and studies and to go out and enjoy as the world enjoys. Faust is sure that the world's pleasures cannot satisfy him, but he makes a contract with Mephistopheles; "If thou canst ever delude me into being pleased with myself, or cheat me with enjoyment, be that day my last. If ever I say to the passing moment, 'Stay, thou art so fair,' then thou mayest bind me in thy bonds." The contract signed, the two start out upon their adventures.

Faust is first taken to Auerbach's cellar, where a band of rough carousing students drink and make merry. The scene is as coarse as we might have expected Mephistopheles to make it, but Faust only turns away in disgust. Next Faust is taken to the Witch's Kitchen. Here by a magic brew, Faust's youth is restored.

From now the beautiful and well-known story of Gounod's opera proceeds. Faust sees Margaret a beautiful peasant girl as she leaves the church. Mephistopheles persuades Faust to visit the chamber of Margaret in her absence. A box of jewels is left in the chamber by Mephistopheles. Margaret finds the jewels later and is charmed with them. Faust meets Margaret in a neighbor's garden. The love story progresses rapidly. Faust visits Margaret in her chamber while her mother sleeps under the influence of a sleep-potion provided by Mephistopheles. Now the story turns to tragedy. Margaret's mother never wakes, Margaret's brother is killed in a duel by Faust. Faust flees for his life. Time passes, Faust cannot forget Margaret. At last he insists that Mephistopheles take him back. They find Margaret facing execution for the death of her babe. Too long and too far tried by love and suffering her mind wanders. In a scene of the utmost beauty and pathos—one of the greatest scenes in all literature—Faust strives to rescue Margaret from her fate. She recognizes some evil power in Mephistopheles, refusing his aid. She casts herself upon the mercy of God and dies. Her last thought is for Faust.

3. The Drama—Part II.

Mephistopheles promised Faust that he would show him "the little world and then the great." The "little world" is the world of Faust's individual passions, emotions, and aspirations. Faust is now to see the "great world" where the interests which shape society, government, and the human race are displayed.

Much has been said of the second part of the drama. As one critic suggests: "In youth we live in our own entirely personal world; when later our interests mingle with great world-interests, with science, government, war, civics, politics, finance, great human enterprises and we try to find meanings; they are often obscure and too subtle for our grasp." Mephistopheles begins to try to satisfy Faust on a grander scale. Faust and his companion appear at the court of the German Emperor. In a magnificent scene of court masquerade the whole world of wealth and splendor go by. Faust is given a position of honor at the court. Mephistopheles by means of magic organizes a new financial system. Wealth is enjoyed by all. Faust is still unsatisfied.

The world of Beauty is now presented to Faust. In a gorgeous pageant we see the revival of classic beauty and the rebirth of Helen of

Troy traditionally the most beautiful woman of all time. A panorama of the Revel of the Classic Witches or the Walpurgis Night covers three thousand years from Homer to Byron. In this great revel all the legendary figures of Greek life come to life. Faust is united with Helen. A son, Euphorion, the Spirit of Modern Poetry, is born to them. Euphorion is restless, masterful and wild. He finally falls to destruction as he scales a peak. Helen vanishes also as she tries to save her son.

Faust, not satisfied yet, returns to reality. He becomes a statesman, an empire builder. Faust now conceives a plan for serving his fellowmen. His plan is to reclaim a wide stretch of land from the ocean and make "a free land on which may dwell a free people." Mephistopheles is still assisting Faust by his magic powers. To complete his project, Faust needs the strip of land where Philemon, an old man, has his cottage. Mephistopheles sets fire to the cottage, the old man and his wife are burned. At last Faust realized that he must be content with his own powers.

Faust continues to work. Years pass and he is blind. He finds comfort in the thought that others will carry on the work. Generation after generation will be benefited by that which he began. The vision grows far reaching and splendid. Here is at last a satisfying moment—when Faust sees his work blessing for aeons his fellow-men. At last is a moment Faust would detain. In the last splendid soliloquy of Faust we read the wisdom he has learned. "No man deserves life or freedom who does not daily win them anew." Faust at last sees life in its true relationship.

4. Epilogue.

The last scene is laid in heaven. Mephistopheles claims the soul of Faust, but no worldly pleasure had satisfied Faust, it was his desire to work as man for man. Margaret has long waited Faust's coming. She leads Faust's spirit to its Heavenly bliss.

The great drama of "Faust" is built around the great human need unselfishness—the sacrifice of self for others. The strength of the drama is because the theme of self sacrifice is magnificent and ennobling. The magic in the drama is used to represent selfishness. The law and order of the world are cast aside by magic. "Selfishness is in its essence the preference of self above law and order, and law and order represent the rights and benefits of others. This desire to set aside universal law for the sake of personal benefit is common to humanity."

Faust seeking happiness selfishly tests and tries life. He is saved by persistent aspiration. Life to Faust was a quest.

There is no greater optimism in all the world's literature than in "Faust":

"God's world is good."
"Who loves no more and errs no more had better far be buried."
"Waste not a thought on the things that must pass, to become immortal that's the task."
"The good must triumph."

—Goethe.

Suggestions for Study.

A. Materials.
1. Faust .....Goethe
2. Faust (Opera) .....Gounod
3. Goethe .....Ludwig
4. Goethe and His Woman, Friends .....Crawford
5. Goethe, the Man and the Poet .....Neviso

B. Projects.
1. Musical Selections from "Faust."
2. The story of the Faust legend
3. The story of "St. Cyprian

Antioch." (A drama based on the Faust legend by Calderon.)
4. Discussion: Magic and Alchemy in the Middle Ages.

LITERARY LESSONS

The Literary Lessons for 1932-33 will be:

1. The Delight of Great Books (The Bible)—Erskine.
2. Le Morte D'Arthur—Malory.
3. Faust—Goethe.
4. Sir Walter Scott.
5. The Ordeal of Richard Feverel—Meredith.
6. Romeo and Juliet—Shakespeare.
7. Huckleberry Finn—Mark Twain.
8. Irish National Poetry.
9. Moby Dick—Melville.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in December)

III. How the Facts Raise Problems.

Many people would like to make improvements, but, seeing the complexity of their lives, find it quite a hopeless task. The first objective of this lesson is to have the class members appreciate that improvement in any part of our living improves the general level. The second purpose in this lesson is to teach the class members how to select the points for improvement. This is illustrated specifically by questions evolved out of the reports of the White House Conference investigations.

Procedure Suggestions:

1. Introduce the lesson by reading to the class and discussing the definitions of social progress given in the supplementary material given below.

2. Discuss in class the psychological analysis of thought as applied to selecting problems for solution. It will be more interesting if every class member could during the month actually work out or formulate and report on the solution of one of her own problems. Read to the class the statement on the relation of knowledge to problem solving—White House Conference, 1930, pp. 12-13; p. 23.

3. Assign for individual study and report the facts given in the following references to the Report of the White House Conference, 1930:

Facts on Present Living Conditions, pp. 10-12.
General Facts, pp. 19-20.
Use of Facts in Adult Education, p. 36.
Status of the Family, pp. 142-3.
Child Labor, pp. 202-210.
Defectives, pp. 232-234.
Delinquency, pp. 341-2.

As each report is given to the class have the class members refer to the Children's Charter (published in *Relief Society Magazine*, May, 1931), and relate the facts given in the report to a provision in the charter. In this way make clear that the Children's Charter is a statement of generalizations of needs as indicated by the great body of facts collected by the committees of the conference.

4. The class members could then take a few of the provisions of the charter and formulate a series of things to be done in the locality in order to make progress toward the desired goal. For example under Number XII parents might ask about children crossing streets; walking along streets, especially at night; hazards because school is near a high-way; dangerous place

for play; condition of repair of play apparatus at school; etc.

Supplementary Material:

a. The Children's Charter.

b. The Meaning of Progress—Quotations from Snedden—Educational Sociology for Beginners."

"General social progress is a very difficult thing for even trained social scientists to estimate. But every reader of these pages can make hundreds of useful estimates of particular kinds of progress, and especially as achieved by particular peoples or classes of peoples"[1] (p. 408).

"Progress towards *the better life, more abundant life, longer life, freer life,* can only be measured when we shall have agreed upon standards of what is *better.* If we agree that it is *better* that we have little (few), rather than much (many), tuberculosis, or famine, or infant mortality, or homeless children, or ragged women, or drunken men, or deaths in early manhood, or train wrecks, or bank failures, or crimes, or failed crops, or illiterate adults, or musicless homes, or corrupt legislators, or untrained workers, etc., then we can measure progress along these particular strands—or retrogression. Along these lines America has certainly made much progress"[2] (pp. 415-416).

"Let us measure as many particular kinds of increases or decreases in agreed upon *'social goods'* as we can"[3] (p. 416).

c. The meaning of problem solving:

Quotations from Boraas: "Teaching to Think."

"Yes we all know what it is to meet a problem, to be perplexed. It means a situation in which doing the customary things will not avail"[4] (p. 133). If this quotation were always wholly true we would be thinking much more than we do. In those matters which affect us individually with immediate discomfort we are conscious of the difficulty or problem. In cooperative social activities the immediate results of which affect others more directly, we are not so sure that customary things are not availing. To induce us to think and study, therefore, we must be made to sense the presence of issues, difficulties or unsatisfactory conditions. Once we have these points of need located we enjoy thinking and studying out the solutions and trying in practice to apply the result of our thinking.

"12. Progress in any field depends directly on the appearance of perplexities, which become so insistent that something must be done. Persons who are interested in progress welcome problems and perplexities as real opportunities. Persons interested in keeping everything as it is regard the appearance of problems and perplexities as a misfortune.

"13. Within the group, difficulties at first appear as an indefinite annoyance. Those individuals who are most sensitive to the annoyance and who can raise it to the level of consciousness, formulate it, and state it so that it enters the consciousness of the group, become the leaders.

"14. The creative or constructive efficiency of an individual varies directly as his ability to become conscious of and cope with real perplexities"[5] (pp. 138-9).

"Given a certain perplexity, a vision of what we want to accomplish, and sufficient information, the difficulty will not be overcome unless we actually use the information available; that is, make it work toward the end to be attained. One must begin by formulating tentative solutions about which the facts at hand may be grouped and for the verification or disproval of which

new information may be sought. Perhaps the most common criticism of school people is that they know a great deal but have very little ability or skill in using what they know. Nothing else reveals fertility or pliability of mind so well as readiness and skill in forming hypotheses or tentative explanations and a willingness to modify them as the conditions seem to require"[6] (p. 145).

References:

1. Snedden: Educational Sociology for Beginners, p. 408.
2. Snedden: Educational Sociology for Beginners, pp. 415-6.
3. Snedden: Educational Sociology for Beginners, p. 416.
4. Boraas: Teaching to Think, p. 133.
5. Boraas: Teaching to Think, pp. 138-9.
6. Boraas: Teaching to Think, p. 145.

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In the days of Henry Clay, a Kentucky farmer sent a servant to Lexington with a note for the president of a certain bank. When the man returned he said to his master:

"I met Marse Henry Clay in the bank and had a conversation with him."

"Indeed! And on what topic did you and Mr. Clay converse?" inquired the master with interest.

The darky removed his hat and made a sweeping bow. . . . "Says Mr. Clay to me." . . . And another very low bow. "And I the same to Mr. Clay."

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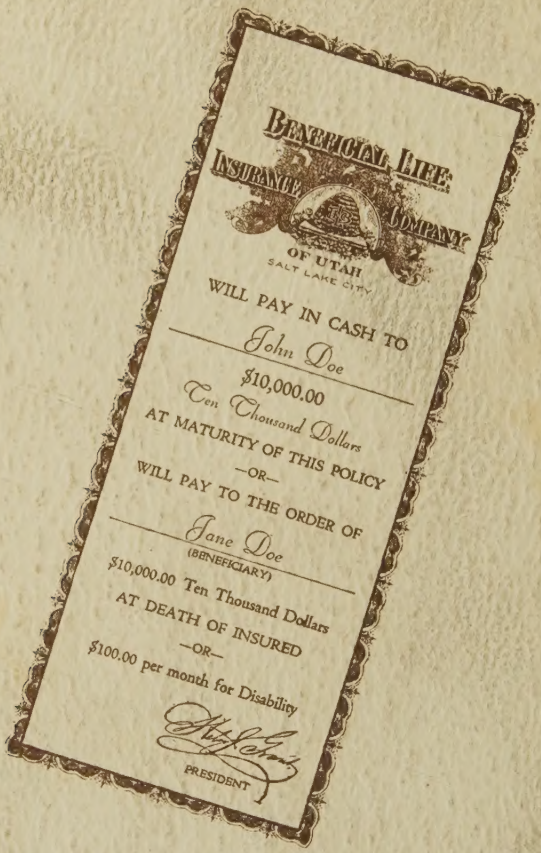

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